// National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XX. NO. 19. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859. WHOLE NO. 1,007.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING. 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

THE RESULTS OF NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

SPEECH OF FRANCIS HINCKS, ESQ.,

Governor in-Chief of the Windward (West India) Islands,

At a Public Meeting, held in London, August 1, 1859, the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Abolition of Slavery by the Parliament of Great Britain.

BEFORE submitting for the consideration of this meeting the testimony which I can conscientiously bear in favor of the success of the great measure by which 800,000 of our brethren of the African race were emancipated from slavery, I must ask your indulgence while I make a few remarks of a personal character, which will not be altogether irrelevant to the subject. Judging from past experience, I think it not improbable that some persons may be inclined to cavil at my taking a part in this meeting. When, some months ago, I addressed a letter to Mr. Charles Tappan, of Boston, giving him my opinion as to the results of emancipation in the British West Indies, I was blamed by some—I hope not by many—for omitting to guard against the publication of my views on the subject. I felt, however, then, as I do now, that however objectionable it would be for me to take any part in controversies between the *Anti-Slavery Society* and the West Indian proprietors on the points at issue between them, the question of slavery could not be looked upon, either in England or in the British West Indies, as a party question. When Mr. Tappan visited Barbadoes, to collect information regarding its condition and progress, and asked my opinions on the subject, I gave them freely. When he told me that my testimony would be of service in the United States, and begged of me to communicate to him in writing what I had stated verbally, I did not hesitate to do so; and I am here to-day because I have been told, both by Englishmen and Americans, that I may do some good to the cause by publicly expressing those opinions which I have freely stated in private. My valued friend, Mr. Charles Sumner, the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, has more than once within the last few weeks impressed on me that the opponents of slavery in the United States look to us to aid them by disproving the allegations constantly made, that emancipation has been a failure. It must not be supposed that I anticipate that any offence will be taken by the West Indian proprietors at my taking a part in this celebration. They may not, as a body, concur in all my opinions, but it is only doing them justice to affirm that they are warm supporters of the abolition of slavery. I should, indeed, have hesitated to accept your invitation had I believed that so influential a body would have been displeased at my doing so. In order to remove any doubt as to the views of the West Indian proprietors on this subject, I shall quote two short extracts from journals generally supposed to express them.

The Demerara *Colonist* says: "There are no persons in the colony, and we do not believe there are any in the whole of the British West Indies, who wish to prove that slavery is right and proper. We have never met with a single individual, during our residence in this colony, who expressed even a wish to see slavery restored again."

The Barbadoes *West Indian* says: "Every friend to humanity must wish the opinion of Mr. Hincks to be the right one. And who can doubt it? The change in the condition of the laboring population of these islands was accomplished without violence of any kind, and since that change their condition has improved in moral as well as material respects."

For my own part, I must state distinctly that I am most anxious for the success of the West Indian proprietors, believing that by their success the best interests of the laboring as well as all other classes in those colonies will be promoted, and the abolition of slavery in other countries secured. I advocate views which I believe to be consistent with the interests of the proprietors—indeed my object is the same as theirs, as I am most anxious to recover, if possible, the Creole labor, which, by an unwise policy, has been diverted from sugar cultivation; or, if that be now impossible, to prevent the further withdrawal of that labor, which will most assuredly take place, if the erroneous policy of the last twenty-five years be continued. Further, I advocate measures that I can declare conscientiously I would myself adopt if I were a West Indian proprietor. Before I enter on the subject, I must advert to attempts which have been made to damage the value of my testimony, by representing that I am Governor of Barbadoes, a colony which is in exceptional circumstances owing to the abundance of labor; and that I have not that experience of other colonies which would enable me to form a correct opinion. It is certainly not very complimentary to one who has been engaged for many years in public life, who has taken an active part in the government of a great colony like Canada, and who has had to deal with questions of finance, of land, public works, and, in fact, of all kinds, to be told that he is so deficient in common sense as to study the West Indian labor question without reference to the peculiar circumstances of each colony. It happens, however, that the Windward Islands' government embraces four islands, placed in wholly different circumstances from Barbadoes, where immigrant labor is sought for, owing to the gradual withdrawal of Creole labor from sugar cultivation, and where similar complaints have been made, though perhaps not to the same extent as in Jamaica. I wish it to be understood that I have formed my opinions after full inquiry into the circumstances, not only of every British colony, regarding which I could obtain information, but also of those foreign countries from which tropical products are obtained, and especially Cuba and Louisiana. If, therefore, my opinions are erroneous, I can claim no excuse on the score of ignorance. With these preliminary remarks, I shall proceed to consider the results of emancipation. I shall dwell very briefly on the moral condition of the emancipated class. I am not aware that much difference of opinion exists on that subject. It has been said, perhaps truly, that in some parts of British Guiana, where the people have settled in remote localities, they have retrograded, but such cases are exceptional.* Many, doubtless, have expected too much, and have not made allowance for the moral condition of a slave population. In an excellent letter on this subject, addressed to Mr. Tappan by the Bishop of Barbadoes, his lordship observes—

"It is a common mistake, I think, in revolutions of this kind, to look for speedier results of a beneficial character than the nature of things admits. External changes inaugurate a new state of things; they do not at once accomplish it; the seed is sown, but the harvest is not yet. In regard to slavery in particular, I need not say that its sequels are not to be got rid of in one or two, or even three generations, and yet we are only in the first."

His lordship takes a most favorable view in the sequel of his letter of the progress made in Barbadoes, and this is confirmed by the reports in the Blue Books, and by the testimony of the clergy of the Established Church, as well as the various Missionaries of the Wesleyans, United Brethren, Baptists and Independents. I will simply state one or two interesting facts which have lately come under my own observation.

I have had occasion to declare frequently that I know no country in which the laboring classes have done so much for education as they have done in Barbadoes. In Boston, Massachusetts, where education is more generally diffused than it is elsewhere, the educational funds are obtained by a tax upon property, as they are to a great extent everywhere in the United States and in Canada. I will read from a letter addressed to me a week before my departure from Barbadoes, by the Rev. Mr. Bleby, a Wesleyan missionary, who I have no doubt is known to many present, how such funds are obtained in Barbadoes. "The entire cost," says Mr. Bleby, "of the five new school-houses completed, or in progress, will be about £980, and will be realized thus: Raised among the people, £595, two-thirds being already in hand; proceeds of subscription list £120; proceeds of lectures in the United States and Canada, £212; expected grants for fittings from the Education Committee, £50." Again: "The annual expenditure for the five schools under my charge, which had 710 pupils, was £434 8s. 7d., of which the parents paid in fees £193 9s. 7d.; the Education Committee for salaries,† £167 10s. 11d.; grants for school supplies, £10; British and Foreign School Society, £10; Wesleyan Missionary Society, £50." Mr. Bleby adds that "the new place of worship at Beulah, and the renovated one at Ebenezer, will be completed this year, at a cost of about £1,100, the greater part of which will be contributed in various ways by the people."

I have likewise to mention an interesting occurrence which recently took place in Barbadoes. The English proprietors granted a sum of money to be distributed in good conduct prizes. These were opened to public competition among the laborers of the island, and candidates were required to produce certificates setting forth the following particulars: 1. Duration and regularity of service on the same property or in the same employ; 2. Tidy house and well cultivated land; 3. Regular attendance at public worship; 4. Regular attendance of children at school; 5. Regular attendance of children at labor; 6. Good moral character; 7. Not frequenting the magistrate's office. For these certificates containing the evidence of good conduct, one hundred marks in the aggregate were to be given, which were distributed by the Committee according to the importance of each. I had the pleasure of distributing the prizes, and the four successful candidates had each upwards of ninety marks; and I may observe that the failure to obtain full marks arose from having no children at ages suitable for sending to school or labor, so that they could not get the marks assigned to those certificates. In two instances the laborers had been upwards of ten years in the same employment, without having been absent a single day, except from sickness or by permission. And I may add that several of the unsuccessful candidates lost marks owing to the irregularity of their certificates, for instance, by getting their employers to certify to their attendance at public worship, the certificates for which were required to have the signatures of their mistress. So strong were these cases that I was induced to give several extra prizes.

I am aware that many, and probably all who listen to me, would rest their case here and would say, "With such results, of what is there to complain?" I shall quote an extract from the despatch of an eminent statesman, Lord John Russell, written in 1840, which places the results of emancipation, as regards those of the African race, in a true light. His lordship writes thus—

"Carrying into effect the religious and benevolent views of the nation at large, it was their object to convert slaves into freemen, to rescue their brethren of Africa from the lash of compulsory toil, and establish them as Christian men on the soil where they had been transported as chattels or beasts of burthen. On this, the principal question of all, there is, I am happy to say, no room for doubt. None of the most inveterate opponents of our recent measures of emancipation allege that the negroes have turned robbers or plunderers, or blood-thirsty insurgents. What appears from their statement is, that they have become shopkeepers, and petty traders, and hucksters, and small freeholders—a blessed change which Providence has enabled us to accomplish."

I am unwilling, however, for the sake of the millions still in slavery, to rest our case solely on the improvement in the creoles of the African race. Whatever success may have attended our measures, if the result be the withdrawal of creole labor from the production of the tropical staples, sugar and cotton, we cannot hope that the slave-owners in other countries will emancipate their slaves. Even in our own country many warm friends of the abolition cause are startled at the results of emancipation in the West Indies, and scarcely know what would be the consequences to the world if the supply of cotton were to be stopped by the emancipation of the millions of slaves employed in the cultivation of that and other products in the United States. There is no way by which the cause of abolition could be so much served as by exhibiting a large increase in the exports of Jamaica over the greatest exports in the time of slavery, and produced at a cheaper rate by free creole laborers. In the course of the controversy which took place, after the delivery of Mr. Chamerovzow's lecture last year, Mr. Cave, chairman of the West India Committee, stated in a letter to *The Times*:

"Hence, notwithstanding the Anti-Slavery Society's song of triumph, the sorry figure England makes in the eyes of slave-owning nations; and hence the material condition of the West Indies is the test of the success or failure of emancipation."

In referring to Mr. Cave, I may observe that he is a gentleman for whom I entertain the highest respect, and whose opinions I would not cite here with a view to controvert them. On the contrary, I admit freely that the exports of sugar have materially fallen off, owing to the withdrawal of creole labor from cane cultivation, and that, with the exception of Barbadoes, and perhaps one or two other colonies, the increased exports are to be attributed to imported labor. There is no use in disguising such facts, nor in concealing from ourselves their importance, not only with reference to the interests of all classes in our own colonies, and to none more than the laboring classes, but also with reference to their effect on the great cause of abolition. This very day I received a letter from a most enlightened West Indian proprietor, from which I shall read an extract or two.

"The result of want of success has riveted the chains on Spanish and American slaves." . . . . "Make that success large and palpable, and the chains drop from the negro at once. Show the American slaveholder all the West Indian colonies in the condition of Barbadoes, and he can hardly fail of being converted to emancipation."

This, in my opinion, is just the work that we have got to perform, and which we have neglected for the last twenty-five years. We have proclaimed to the world that slave labor was cheaper than free, and that the creole African was naturally indolent, and would only cultivate the tropical products under compulsion. Our philanthropists, without denying these assertions, have contented themselves with arguing on the abstract principle of right and have refused almost indignantly to discuss the point whether the cultivation of cotton and sugar was to be maintained. In my letter to Mr. Tappan, I endeavored to convince him that free labor was cheaper than that of slaves; and that the African creole is not naturally indolent. Let me deal at once with this popular delusion, for that it is a delusion I have no doubt whatever. In support of my own opinion, I will give you the testimony of two disinterested witnesses, and I will observe further that it is in accordance with all that I have heard from the clergymen of the various Protestant Churches, as well as from those of the Church of Rome. It is likewise in accordance with the opinions expressed by the stipendiary magistrates generally, as I have found them in the Blue Books. My first quotation shall be from a letter addressed to myself by a Barbadoes proprietor, who stands high in the estimation of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. The second is from Dr. Davy's work on the West Indies.

"There never was a greater mistake than to suppose that the negro will not work for hire. No man is more sensitive to that stimulus, or works more readily, more cheerfully, or more effectually for the hope of reward; but, like every other man, he toils for his daily bread, not from choice, but necessity. Take away that and he passes immediately out of the category of the laboring class. It is perfectly astonishing to know how much a negro can do when he is under the influence of a wholesome stimulus, and how little he will do when that is removed."

Dr. Davy says: "It is a mistake often committed to suppose that the African is by nature idle and indolent, less inclined to work than the European. It is a mistake, I perceive, even fallen into by some of the friends of the race. Thus, a son of their distinguished advocate, Mr. Wilberforce, the present Bishop of Oxford, speaks of them 'as a people who naturally hate labor, and who would sink into absolute indolence from the want of the proper stimulants to mental exertion.'"

In addition to these opinions I shall refer to the case of Trinidad, one of the colonies in which a want of labor has been much complained of. It has been stated repeatedly that there has been a great abandonment of the estates by the creole laborers, and that they are indolent and unwilling to work. A fairer case cannot, I think, be cited. It is a colony where immigration has been most extensively carried on. Now it has been affirmed that at the period of emancipation there were upwards of 11,000 prædial laborers, and that only 3,000 or 4,000 have remained on the estates. I have examined the Blue Books, and I find that in these 11,000 were included all the families of the slaves, except children under six years of age; and if allowance be made for those who have gone to other employments, for those who have raised themselves by their own industry to the position of freeholders, cultivating land of their own, and for women who have withdrawn from labor, I maintain that there is at the present time a fair proportion of creole laborers at work. I am about to refer to letters which have been recently published by a special correspondent of the *New York Times*, with whom I am personally acquainted, who is a Canadian by birth, who avows that his sympathies are with the planters, and who is strongly in favor of immigration. His testimony is at all events impartial, and he states his authority to be a forthcoming report of the immigration agent of Trinidad. I may add that his statement is confirmed by a report in my own possession from the same officer. The Trinidad creoles working on the sugar estates are given as 3,832, and the African creoles from other islands as 4,041, to which are added the estimated number on the Caco estates, making 5,000 of each. It is of course with the first class that I have to deal. It appears, then, that out of a laboring population of about 11,000, including all women and children over six years of age, to which there would have been a natural increase in twenty years, 5,000 are still working on the estates. I find that, excluding the towns and the houses on the estates, there are in the rural districts of Trinidad upwards of 5,000 houses of proprietors, the whole rural population being about 50,000. It may be said, however, that these laborers do not work more than a day or two in the week. On the authority of the same return it is stated that the average monthly earnings of the coolies are 5 35 dollars, the Trinidad creoles 5.91 dollars; of the other island creoles 6.27 dollars, of the Africans 5.36 dollars, of the Chinese 4 27 dollars. Again, the coolies worked 19 1-2 days, the Trinidad creoles 16 1-2, the island creoles 17 1 2, the Africans 17, and the Chinese 17. Thus the difference between the indentured and the unindentured or wholly free laborer was three days in the month, while the latter earned more than the former. I may observe that the laborers are paid by tasks and not by the day, and that the creoles must have performed more tasks, or probably better paid tasks, on the average in the month than the coolies. I may further remark that of all the classes mentioned, the Trinidad creole is most likely to have occupation of his own to employ his spare time. Many of the island creoles are strangers, who come, as the Irish used to come to England for the harvest, from Grenada and other neighboring islands, to work during crop time—a remarkable fact, considering that Grenada is importing labor from India. There is another remark I may offer, as it bears on the question of continuous labor. It is not estimated that in Barbadoes the laborer works, on an average, much, if at all, over 200 days in the year. I have consulted many planters, and 220 days was the highest average given to me, while some consider 200 or 210 days a fairer one: and I incline myself, from all my inquiries, to think 200 the outside. It is to be observed that, in nearly all the colonies, the creole laborer has a certain quantity of land, not sufficient to employ his time fully, but which enables him to occupy his leisure profitably. It will be found that the creole laborers in Trinidad give nearly, if not quite, as much labor in the month as those in Barbadoes. I shall test the industry of the Trinidad creoles in another way. The population may be estimated at 75,000, of which about 25,000 reside in the towns of Port-of-Spain and San Fernando, leaving 50 000 as the rural population of all classes. I cannot suppose that the adult rural population of all classes exceeds the one-half, or 25,000; and I am borne out by statistics in giving the laboring population at 20,000: indeed, I would be safe in estimating it as nearer to 21,000 which is an immense proportion of laborers. I have a return before me from the immigration agent, giving the laborers in March, 1858, on 140 sugar estates, at 16,902, and he states that the jobbers may safely be estimated at 1,700, which would make 18,602; and the remaining sugar estates, and all the cacao estates, can hardly be estimated at less than 2,400. I think I have proved satisfactorily that in Trinidad a fair proportion of the population is labouring on the estates; indeed, the exports of Trinidad, which have increased of late years nearly if not quite by 20,000,000 pounds of sugar, afford conclusive evidence in support of this position. I admit that the increase has been owing to the labor of the immigrants; but if the creoles had abandoned labor, the exports would have been stationary.

I trust that I have said sufficient on this point to satisfy every unprejudiced person that the creole laborers are not naturally indolent. I willingly admit, at the same time, that there has been a considerable withdrawal of their labor from sugar cultivation, in some of the colonies, and especially in Jamaica, owing to a variety of causes. Among those causes I am inclined to think that, next to the tenure of land, the insolvency of the proprietors has been the chief. I have never been able to trace an instance in which an estate has gone out of cultivation owing to want of labor. I have heard of many cases in which estates have been abandoned from want of capital, and of some in which the laborers have been dismissed with wages several months in arrear. I admit that I have heard of the abandonment of estates, both in Guiana and Jamaica, from want of labor, but I have not been furnished with such particulars as to enable me to satisfy my own mind on the subject. Even, however, admitting that such instances have occurred, they would not surprise me. The only wonder is that, with such a land tenure as that which exists in the West Indies, a single laborer remains on the sugar estates. I shall give a description of that tenure from the letter of Mr. Prescod, member for the city of Bridgetown, and addressed to Mr. Tappan, and then cite other testimony that may, perhaps, be considered by some more unbiassed.

Mr. Prescod says:

"The laborer holds his cottage and allotment, and cultivates the latter on a monthly tenure, his growing crop to be appraised and paid for (commonly, in practice, below its value), if the notice to quit comes from the landlord employer, but is forfeited altogether when the notice is his own. There can be, generally speaking, no confidence, no affection, no feeling of interest on the part of the laborer for the interests of his employer under the working of such a system; and, what is of far greater consequence, no permanent settling down of our peasantry to improve morally and socially."

Again, Dr. Davy says:

"So long as the laborers hold their cottages as tenants at will, liable to be expelled at a day's notice—so long as the planters are insecure of their labor from day to day—so long as land is apportioned to the laborers in lieu, in part or altogether, of money wages, neither the planter nor laborer is likely to be contended, nor fair and honest (?) attainable."

The correspondent of the *New York Times*, already quoted, thus refers to the tenure:

"But their measures (the planters') were futile. Their policy, as I attempted to show in a former letter from Barbadoes, was suicidal. Instead of endeavoring to promote a good understanding between themselves and their laborers, the planters adopted, and still retain in Trinidad, the odious system of tenancy at will. The laborer who lives on an estate is compelled to work for that estate, and no other, on peril of ejection, with consequent loss of the crop which he has raised on his little allotment. He is still in a position of virtual slavery, and it is a matter which can excite no surprise that, after emancipation, those who had means to purchase parcels of ground should prefer to leave the estates, and either cultivate for themselves or be free to give their labor to whom they pleased, upon their own terms, and in a way which would secure for themselves and their families a greater independence."

Again, the same writer says:

"I still think that the tenure system of Trinidad, though more liberal than that of Barbadoes and some other Islands, has had much to do with the dislike of the negro to perform estate work. It is true that the Trinidad planter exacts no rent from the laborer on his estate, and supplies him with medical attendance, but the laborer in return is compelled to work for the estate alone, and for five cents a day less than the current rate of wages. It may be urged, and with truth, that house-rent and medical attendance are worth more than five cents a day, but for these privileges the laborer is required to give up his independence; and I do not think it natural that even the negro should of his own free choice prefer the exchange."

The question hardly requires to be argued. It is sufficient, to demonstrate the absurdity of the system, to state that the planters have persevered for the last twenty-five years in maintaining the same tenure in Jamaica, British Guiana and Trinidad, where land is cheap and abundant, as that which prevails in Barbadoes, where it is very dear, and where there is not an acre undisposed of.

In one of the articles criticizing my views as to the effect of the tenure of land on the labor question, it was said, "I would just ask what Lord Brougham, or any other large landed proprietor in England, would say if he were told that he ought to grant his laborers leases of their holdings for years. Why, it would in every way create such an *imperium in imperio* on every estate that it could not possibly go on either in England or in the West Indian Islands." There is an obvious answer to this. If England contained, in addition to its present territory, five or ten times the quantity of unoccupied fertile land, the present tenancy system could no more be maintained here than in America. The poor Irishman who goes to Canada will not remain a laborer. He obtains land almost immediately, and becomes a proprietor; and where land is cheap and abundant the West Indian tenure cannot be maintained. Its obvious tendency is to drive the laborers from sugar cultivation to remote places, where they can get land of their own.

It is true that high rents are charged in Barbadoes, while as a general rule the allotments are given gratuitously in the other colonies. This, however, far from being a mitigation, is an aggravation of the evil. The mixing up of the questions of rent and labor, contrary to the advice of successive Secretaries of State and of every enlightened inquirer, has produced the worst results. I can, however, better illustrate my views on this subject by stating what I would do myself if I were the proprietor of a sugar estate, than in any other way. I would devote one-fourth or one-third, or even a larger proportion if necessary, of the cane land on the estate to the laborers. I would give them a good tenure, for instance, leases renewable for ever, with a right to buy at such number of years' purchase as might be agreed upon. I would make it the interest of the laborers to buy or occupy land near my cane lands, instead of at a distance; and I would trust to the admitted sagacity of the creole to cultivate that product which would pay him best. I would have a labor market at my door, and I would have the spare time of my laborers employed in growing a product which must come for manufacture to my works. Even if the result should be that all my land was rented or sold at remunerative prices, I would have ample profit by my manufactory. Such, however, in my opinion, would not be the result. The large proprietor would still be the principal cultivator of the land, and the small one would combine, as he does in Barbadoes, labor on the estates with labor on his own land in growing the cane. In Barbadoes alone, so far as my knowledge extends, the laborers on the estates cultivate the sugar cane, and this is one of the reasons why the Barbadoes laborers cannot be attracted elsewhere. In Barbadoes the laborer is dependent on the proprietor for the manufacture of his little crop of canes, while the proprietor is dependent on him for labor when it is required. This mutual dependence has had the best results. In no other colony does it exist to any extent, if at all. It is admitted that the most profitable employment of labor in the tropics is the cultivation of the sugar cane, and yet labor does not seek the most profitable employment. The obvious reason is that the proprietors have, by maintaining a vicious tenure, or perhaps I should rather say one wholly unsuited to countries where land is abundant and cheap, driven the laborers to places where they cannot employ themselves at cane cultivation, owing to the want of means for manufacturing their crops. We have thus the strange anomaly presented to us of laborers in Jamaica, at a distance from sugar estates, complaining of want of employment, while in other parts of the same island the employers are crying out for want of labor. I know that many will affirm that I am too sanguine, that my views are visionary, that even a liberal tenure would not induce the creoles to be laborers. But I have found those views concurred in by too many who have had opportunities of judging of the character of the creoles to be induced to change them, and especially without a fair trial. At all events, it is by the means suggested, and by those alone, that sugar cultivation can be carried on by the creoles. I have little hope that any West Indian proprietor would give a fair trial to the proposed system. It is, however, worthy of the attention of those friends of abolition who have faith in the African race. I am convinced that until we prove to the world that emancipation will not necessarily lead to the abandonment of sugar and cotton cultivation by free labor, all our efforts to induce slave proprietors to emancipate will be vain. But if we could prove this, we should only have to prove further, that slave labor is much dearer than free. I need not occupy much of your time with the discussion of this point. I have been assured by planters in Louisiana that slave labor is very expensive. In Cuba it is at present enormously high. I have gone most carefully into calculations on this subject, and have no doubt in my own mind as to the immense difference in cost. Mr. Olmsted, a late American writer, with much practical experience, has demonstrated that slave labor is much higher than the free labor of the Northern States of the Union, which is probably the highest free agricultural labor in the world. Much has been said of the prosperity of Barbadoes being owing to the abundance of labor. My own opinion is that in none of the colonies has labor been so economized as in Barbadoes.

I have a variety of statistics on the subject, obtained in Louisiana and Cuba, and in the British colonies, but I consider the important point sufficiently established that free labor is much cheaper than slave, and that in the sugar, producing slave countries Louisiana maintains its ground, owing, first, to protection in the home market, but, secondly, and chiefly, to the economy of labor in cultivation, combined with skill in the manufacture; while Cuba obtains immense returns from the land, much greater than any of the British colonies, except Mauritius, which is said to give an average of nearly 5 000 lbs. per acre, and sometimes as high as 8 000 lbs. The Barbadoes average for a term of years has not, I should think, exceeded 2,500 lbs. per acre reaped, and, as the greater portion of the cane land only gives a crop every second year, the average of the 55,000 acres supposed to be in cane cultivation would be much less.

In discussing this question, the productiveness of the land has been too much overlooked. It is, consequently, most difficult to obtain information as to the extent of land from which a given quantity of sugar has been obtained.

The writers who have furnished statistics of the cost of producing sugar in Cuba have invariably omitted to state the number of acres reaped, without which information it is most difficult to institute a fair comparison between the actual cost of labor in different countries. I have, in my letter to Mr. Tappan, stated the cost of producing sugar in Barbadoes, and, although my figures have been criticized, I am prepared to defend them in all essential points. But it is not essential to the validity of my argument whether the value of an estate in Barbadoes, producing 200 hhds. of sugar, is £30,000 or £20,000, or whether the cost of labor is one cent the 100 lbs, or one cent and a half. I willingly submit both my figures and my views to the test of any criticism to which those who differ from me may choose to subject them. I have given you the result of an honest and impartial inquiry into the causes of the withdrawal of creole labor from cane cultivation, and I have little doubt that you will agree with me that we have no cause to have even the shadow of a doubt as to the entire success of the great measure of emancipation. I have much pleasure in moving the resolution which has been entrusted to me.

*A subsequent speaker, the Rev. Mr. Barrett, who had resided in British Guiana, gave it as his opinion that I had been led into error on this subject. I have no authority but the Blue Books and private information.

† The revenue is raised chiefly by duties on articles of general consumption; there is no tax on property for education.

LATE FROM THEODORE PARKER.

From The Liberator.

COMBE VARIN BROT-DESSUS, NEUCHATEL SUISSE, August 23, 1859.

FRANCIS JACKSON—*Dear Friend:* Here I am, staying with one of my best friends, Professor Desor, who was often at my house in 1847 and 1852. He is one of the great men in these parts—both respected and beloved—interested in all manner of good things. I have been here a month, and seen many enlightened and interesting people whom he entertains most hospitably. A brother could not be kinder, or a sister more delicate and tender, than he is to me.

I think I am really getting better; certainly I am fatter and stronger than for a year past. But the cough continues—the voice is good for nothing—it is a little painful to talk at all. Professor Desor has a fine wood lot, and I work in it with a bill hook and light hatchet, pruning the trees, and cutting down bushes; and sometimes I take an axe and cut down a tree of 12 or 14 inches diameter. I do not overwork, and I have a good appetite

I hope American affairs look better at home than abroad. Here they have an ugly aspect, which gives me a good deal of anxiety. Look at this:

1. The South has reöpened the African slave trade, and neither the government nor the Democratic party, nor yet the public sentiment of the great mass, opposes it.

2. The Southern States are logically carrying out the principle of slavery, and applying it to the free blacks. They begin with selling thousands into slavery to pay their taxes; ultimately they will either banish them all or else reduce them to slavery. It would be curious if the New Englanders should pass a law to sell into slavery all foreigners who could not pay their taxes, purposely made oppressive.

3. No Northern Governor dare stand out for State Rights against the invasions of the Slave Power. Look at Gov. Chase, one of the ablest and most enlightened men in the nation, naturally conscientious and humane; but how like a coward he looks at this distance! I hope he seems more courageous and manly as near as Boston. I have had more respect for him than for almost any of our politicians, for I thought him a great man; but I want new evidence now. (1)

Will the time never come when an able man shall see that he may be greater than a President, and have more power in the nation by being faithful to the right? It is a mean ambition to desire a mean office, especially when the whole capital smells offensive with such creatures as Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, and the like of them! But, to seek to bless the people—to found institutions which shall promote the welfare and the progress of mankind for a thousand years—that is the noblest aim of noblest men. I should like to see such a man in American politics. Perhaps Sumner will prove one of this stamp; certainly, he looks that way now.

4. Besides, the men of property in the great cities have become strangely debauched in their morals. For ten years past, they have not once taken the moral side of any great question. Look at the last act of Boston—the transfiguration of Rufus Choate! What a sad sign of the times, that our city honors such a man with such a funeral!

I finish this letter in the city were Calvin burnt Servetus.

I had a nice letter from Sumner a few days ago. He was in good spirits and full of hope.

Yours, always, THEODORE PARKER.

(1) What will be the feelings of Mr. Parker when he shall read the following disgraceful letter from the *Republican* (!) Governor of Ohio, Salmon P. Chase, to the Mayor of Boston, in approval of the inauguration of the statue of the shameless defender of the Fugitive Slave bill, and complimentary to the man who avows his readiness to shoulder his musket to subjugate or slaughter the mercilessly oppressed slaves of the South, in case they should rise for freedom! Is this Gov. Chase's special bid for the Presidency?

COLUMBUS, Sept. 10, 1859.

DEAR SIR: It is with great regret that I find myself constrained to deny myself *the gratification of being present at the inauguration of the statue of Webster.* I would go far to participate in inaugurating a statue wrought by the art of Powers. I would go further to hear Webster *celebrated by Everett.* But imperious duties detain me in Ohio. With great respect, Yours truly, S. P. CHASE.

Hon. Frederick W. Lincoln, Mayor, &c.

THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

[Condensed from The Bugle.]

The Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society was held in the Tent at Alliance, Stark Co., Ohio, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Sept. 3d, 4th and 5th, 1859.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, the President, occupied the chair.

The following Committees were appointed:

Business Committee—Parker Pillsbury, Abm. Brooke, C. L. Remond, J. Elizabeth Jones, Wm. Hern, Adula Brooks, Wm. Halliday, Marsena Miller, Henry C. Wright, Josephine S. Griffing, Benj Bown, Dr. Fussell.

Nominating Committee—Kersey G. Thomas, Wm. F. Parker, Caroline Nash, Austin Hale, Esther Harris, Rebecca Dean, Jehu Halliday, Augustus Case, Margaret Hise.

Finance Committee—John Holmes, Maria O. K. Arter, Josephine S. Griffing, Darius Allen, J. Elizabeth Jones.

Committee to get subscribers for the Bugle—Reuben Erwin, Eliza F. Thomas, Flavius Reeve, Rachel Whinery.

The following are the names of those who took part in the proceedings: Parker Pillsbury, Charles L. Remond, J. M. Langston, C. H. Langston, H. C. Wright, B. S. Jones, Marius R. Robinson, Abm. Brooke, Frederick Hartzell, Dr. Fussell, John Halliday, Ellis Johnson, Marsena Miller, Jacob Heaton, E. Edwards, D M Allen.

The following persons were elected officers of the Society for the ensuing year.

President—MARIUS R. ROBINSON.

Vice-Presidents—Benjamin Bown, Wm. F. Parker, J. Ridgeway Haines, Thomas Heighton, Wm. Holliday, Lydia Irish, Thomas Chandler, Caleb Green, Wm. Hern, Thomas Donaldson, Sarah Otis Ernst, Darius M. Allen.

Recording Secretary—Benj. S. Jones.

Cor. Secretary—J. Elizabeth Jones.

Treasurer—Joel McMillan.

Counsellors—Sarah Bown, Abram Brooke, Josephine S. Griffing, Isaac Tescott, Lewis Morgan, Esther Harris, John Gordon.

The Treasurer's Report showed the receipts for the past year to have been as follows:

Bugle subscriptions	$895 32
Pledges and donations	769 09
Salem Anti Slavery Fair	301 11
American Society	100 00
Advertising in Bugle	7 24
	$2 072 76

The expenditures for the same period were $1,910 95. Balance in the treasury, $161 81.

The topics of discussion and the general spirit of the meeting are disclosed in the resolutions adopted, as follows:

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That in the signs of the times, as read and seen in the present daring and desperate demands of the slaveholders, and the willingness of the Federal Government to yield to their every behest, and in the fearful apathy of the people in Church and State on the whole subject of slavery and slavery aggression, including the already reöpened African slave trade, we are more and more assured, at this our 17th anniversary, not only that our work is not done, but is becoming more and more important, more and more impressing; demanding greater faith and fortitude, more intense self-consecration, and of that spirit of martyrdom which has always distinguished the march of every real reform—and trusting in the sacredness of our cause and in the power of truth and its great Author, we will, with augmented zeal and fidelity, pursue our warfare with the despotism which rules the land, till victory perch upon our banner, or we perish (as so many have already) beneath it.

Whereas the instrumentality which holds the slave in his bonds is the physical force, concentrated through the Constitution in the government of the United States, and which is composed of the united strength of all individuals who voluntarily support it, be it

Resolved, That the claim of freedom from participating in the sin of slaveholding is unfounded in every religious organization which tolerates in its members the holding of office, or voting under the United States Constitution.

Whereas, by the condition of the American Constitution, the entire national power is pledged to suppress any insurrection among the slaves; therefore,

Resolved, That should the slaves, in the true spirit of the Revolution of 1776, ever unsheath the sword of rebellion and attempt by violence to obtain their freedom, our wishes, our hopes, our hearts, *and our hands too* (so far as we believe they can be *righteously employed*), shall be always on the side of the oppressed and against the oppressor, in defiance of all constitutions, statutes, demands or decisions to the contrary.

Whereas it has been fully demonstrated in the recent Oberlin-Wellington rescue case that the State government has either no authority or no power to protect the citizens of the State from the outrageous aggressions of the slaveholder under the Fugitive Slave law; therefore,

Resolved, That it has become the right and the most solemn duty of the people themselves to secure such protection to themselves and families from the prowling kidnapper and slave-hunter, and from the Federal Government, his ever-faithful servant, as God and nature have put in their power, and by all means which, in their judgment, are approved by righteousness and true religion.

Resolved, That in view of the anti-slavery professions of the Republican party and the influence which it possesses through these professions to mislead the honest but ill-informed masses, and employ *in the support* of slavery the efforts intended *for its overthrow*, and almost to even deceive the very elect, we feel called upon, in this our annual assembly, solemnly to renew our protest against the principles and policy of the Republicans, as the most efficient and most dangerous obstacle to the successful completion of our labors.

Resolved, That were there no other charge to be preferred against the Republican party, its action towards the free people of color in the Northern States and territories is sufficient to cover it with shame and condemnation; ministering as it does to the general "prejudice against color" that festers in almost every religious denomination, and literary, or social, or political, or scientific association, it is emphatically what it calls itself, the "white man's party"; and proving by its action that it is that and nothing more, we must brand it as wholly below the spirit of the age, the wants of humanity, or the respect and coöperation of any honest and impartial lover of mankind.

Resolved, That the African slave trade is already reënacted, *in fact, if not in form*; and the failure of the government to even fulfil its treaty stipulations to prevent it, or provide any vigorous measures for its arrest, or to punish, as its own law provides, the most desperate and daring pirates who carry it on, affords but another evidence that we live under a despotism the most fearful that now curses the earth, and that cannot too soon be hurled to the deepest and most irrecoverable destruction.

Resolved, That the dishonorable manner in which our petitions to the last Ohio Legislature for a Personal Liberty law were met by that body shall not deter us from importunately demanding its enactment, until it is secured, and until Ohio is made as safe and secure to the fugitive from Southern slavery as it is already to the less fortunate exiles from the governments of the old world.

Resolved, That in all the agitation against slavery, by political parties, pulpits or churches, while fidelity to the Constitution and Confederacy is maintained, we see, instead of hope for the enslaved, only a melancholy exhibition of the degeneracy, and moral wickedness and blindness of the age, and incapacity to grapple with the great problems and reforms which should be its honor and glory. And while recognizing and rejoicing in every well-intended word or act, from whatever source, in earnest protest against the great curse and crime of the country, we would still, as the forlorn hope of the bondman, press forward in our stern battle, ever true to our glorious motto—"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

In Memoriam.

Inasmuch as the earnest, faithful labors in the cause of Humanity are the gems of human life, sought for because they are few, as well as for their intrinsic worth; therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply mourn the too early departure of our faithful co-laborers and beloved friends, Mrs. CORDELIA L. SMALLEY, and Mrs. JANE M. TRESCOTT, for many years officers and members of this Society; their genial natures and integrity to principle endeared them to all who knew them. Nourishing and cherishing the hopes of the oppressed, and staying the hands and strengthening the hearts of his deliverers, their presence among us seemed indispensable, and we can only find consolation for their removal in their heroic example, and in the hope that their womanly spirit may infuse us with courage to press onward with the work they have left us to do.

The Annual Report, from the pen of Mrs. J. ELIZABETH JONES, the Corresponding Secretary, is an admirable paper, presenting a clear account of the labors of the Society during the past year, stimulating its friends to stand firmly upon the rock of principle, and criticizing boldly and uncompromisingly the pro-slavery Church and Parties of the country.

MISS REMOND IN BRISTOL.

ON Wednesday evening a lecture was delivered at the Athenæum, by Miss Remond (a colored lady), on "Negro Slavery in America." This lady (whose father is a native of one of the French West India islands, who has beed settled from boyhood in the free state of Massachusetts) has been engaged for some time in the gratuitous advocacy of the claims of her enslaved fellow countrymen. Nothing can be more pleasing or ladylike than her appearance and address—the calmness of her delivery adding no little weight to a statement of wrongs calculated to rouse the indignation of every heart. When it is understood that to such a woman, claiming at once our courtesy by her ladylike exterior and our admiration by her mental abilities, the most gross and cruel insults have been continually offered in theatres, and churches, and public carriages in the free States of America, our regret and sympathy are no less awakened for the sufferer than our indignation against the oppressor.

The Chairman (CHRISTOPHER THOMAS, Esq.) observed that the subject of slavery was one on which he was sure of the sympathy of an English audience. There were no differences of feeling amongst us as to the wrongs of the race of whom the lady he now had the honor of introducing to them stood forward to night as the representative and advocate.

Miss REMOND commenced her address by observing that while the English nation sympathises deeply with the wrongs of the slave, the actual condition of the negro race and its relative proportion to the white population of America, is but imperfectly understood. There are at this time fifteen slave States, containing 346 000 slaveholders, and about 4 000 000 slaves. Throughout the whole Union there are scattered nearly half a million of free negroes. The remaining white population of the slave States, mainly consisting of the degraded class of poor whites, outnumbers the slaveholders in the proportion of 17 to 1. It would seem at first sight incredible that this miserable minority of 346 000 slaveholders should exercise the enormous power they possess, in fact the actual supremacy over the whole policy of America. At the same time that they enslave 4 000,000 blacks, they produce a degradation morally not inferior to that of slavery among the poor whites, and throughout the free States themselves they sway the legislature, procure the passing of acts like the Fugitive Slave law in Congress, and place their nominee Mr. Buchanan, in the presidential chair. That a body not amounting to a third of a million should be able to acquire such importance in a democratic republic numbering 30 000 000 is marvellous indeed. The causes are to be sought in the force of combined action among men of absolutely united interests, and in the extraordinary principle which gives to each slaveholder votes for Congress in the proportion of three to every five slaves in his possession. Miss Remond proceeded to detail a number of interesting cases of the escape of slaves, and related anecdotes of the "Underground Railway" of which she herself had been witness. In conclusion she called especially upon the women of England to sympathize upon the atrocious wrongs of the colored women of America, who are sold for the basest purposes, their value on the auction-block being raised by every quality of beauty, talent, piety, and goodness which should have commanded the respect and tenderness of their fellow-creatures. A slave who can be "warranted" to be an earnest Christian is thereby insured with the value of many added dollars! It is not on the most ignorant and wretched that the curse of slavery falls most heavily, it is on the higher natures, which, like the unfortunate "Cassy" in Mrs. Stowe's admirable tale, feel and writhe under their intolerable injuries. The sympathy which the English public can give to the cause of abolition is of great importance. The Americans may not *love* the English as a nation, but at least they *respect* them, and attach the utmost weight to the calm expression of their opinion. Miss Remond terminated her address of more than an hour's duration—in the course of which she had manifestly won the warm suffrages of her audience—with the words of the Abolitionist poet Whittier:

> "A Christian going, gone!"
> Who bids for God's own image, for His grace,
> Which that poor victim of the market-place
> Hath in her sufferings won?
> My God! shall such things be?
> Hast Thou not said that whatsoe'er is done
> Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one
> Is even done to Thee!

(long continued cheers.)

R. CHARLTON, Esq., rose to propose the resolution of the meeting, and in doing so took occasion to remark that the English were not only bound to express in every possible way their condemnation of American slavery, but also to guard carefully against partaking of that heinous crime by the Coolie traffic at this moment in nefarious operation. He was sure the meeting would agree in the resolution he should now have the honor of proposing: "That the best thanks of this meeting be given to Miss Remond for her lecture delivered this evening; that we who are here present declare our mournful sympathy with the slave, as bound with him; and that we offer words of holy cheer to all those who are laboring truly, zealously, perseveringly, and in the face of deadly opposition on every hand, for his emancipation."

The Rev. EDWIN CHAPMAN rose and said: An American judge had given the decision that "Negroes had no rights which the white race were bound to respect." In that sentence he thought lay the spirit of despotism. *No rights!* and yet God had given to them souls, and reason, and conscience, all on which human rights can be founded. The slaveholders might mock at all law above their inhuman legislation, or declare, as Daniel Webster had done, that there was "no higher law"; but the Divine eternal justice would yet strike Columbia for her crime against the negro race. He had much pleasure in seconding the resolution.

The resolution was then passed unanimously.

THE WEBSTER STATUE.*

From The Liberator.

THE STATUE MUST BE REMOVED. Let this be the popular decree to-morrow—let the declaration go forth from the lips of every upright man—let it be the voice of Massachusetts. A vote of the Legislature can undo what a vote has done. That vote can be secured by a prompt circulation of a respectful petition, to be signed by all who in their hearts respond to the cry—THE STATUE MUST BE REMOVED. Such a petition has already been prepared; it is in these words:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, Citizens of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, respectfully ask you to remove from the State House grounds—as no honor to the State and repugnant to the moral sense of the people—the statue of Daniel Webster, whose last years were spent in defending the Fugitive Slave bill, and whose last counsel to the Commonwealth was to "conquer her prejudices" against Slave-hunting, and to return men to bondage "with alacrity."

This issue is so clearly connected with the abolition of the Slave system, and the overthrow of the Slave Power, that we regard it as the special anti slavery duty of the hour in this State. Every blow that shall fall upon the iron image will break a fetter in Carolina: its removal, in accordance with a regenerated public sentiment, will be a heavy stroke to the hopes and machinations of the enemies of impartial freedom, North and South.

This is no personal matter, and therefore not urged in the spirit of personal hostility. It is not in reference to one who filled a private sphere, and acted upon his own responsibility, without involving others. Far otherwise.

They who conceived the idea of such a statue, to be in such form, under such auspices, and in such a place, and who have succeeded in the accomplishment of their purpose, are too well known to render their motives at all doubtful. Their admiration of Mr. Webster rose in proportion as he degraded himself by his servility to the South—his scorn and hatred of the anti-slavery movement—his advocacy of the Fugitive Slave bill. Every step that he took downward in his pro-slavery course, received their warm commendation. Stung to the quick on finding that he had thereby lost his hold upon the respect and confidence of the people of Massachusetts, they resolved to procure his statue, and make the attempt—seemingly a forlorn one—to place it by legislative permission upon the State House grounds, and thus obtain an endorsement of his public career on the part of the Commonwealth itself. We feel warranted in saying that they did not expect their overture would be accepted; for, in view of the all-prevailing disgust and indignation at his evil course, what ground had they to dream of success? It was the letter of Gov. Banks to the Legislature, recommending a ready compliance with that overture, that turned the scale, and inflicted the disgrace. Had he done his duty, by expressing the hope that no such permission as was asked would be granted, because it would be at variance with the feelings and wishes of the people at large, the wily projectors of the scheme would have been

*Set up in front of the State House, in Boston, Sept. 17.

baffled, and the self-respect and dignity of the State vindicated. This act alone should make his reëlection an impossible event, let who will be his successor.

Friends of humanity! lovers of freedom! disciples of Him who came to set the captive free! read the following arrogant, defiant, inhuman sentiments from the lips of the man whose image is to be set up to-morrow, with all the "pomp and circumstance" of a civic and military demonstration! (1)

"My public speeches show my opinion to have been decidedly in favor of a proper, efficient and well-guarded law *for the recovery of fugitive slaves.* In my judgment, the present law is constitutional; and *all good citizens are bound to respect and obey it*, just as freely and readily as if they had voted for it themselves. I think agitation on the subject ought to cease."

"The Fugitive Slave law is the law of the land, and, as usual, is to be respected and obeyed by all good citizens. I have heard no man whose opinion is worth regarding deny its constitutionality, and those who counsel violent resistance to it counsel that which, if it takes place, is sure to lead to bloodshed, and to the commission of capital offences. It remains to be seen how far the deluded and deluders will go on in this career of faction, folly and crime."

"I hold the Fugitive Slave law to be a law entirely constitutional, highly proper, and absolutely essential to the peace of the country."

"I put it to all the sober and sound minds at the North, as a question of morals and a question of conscience. What right have they, in their legislative capacity, *or any other capacity*, to endeavor to get round this Constitution, or to embarrass the free exercise of the rights secured by the Constitution to the persons whose slaves escape from them? None at all; none at all. Neither in the forum of conscience nor before the face of the Constitution are they, in my opinion, justified in such an attempt. * * * I repeat, here is a well-founded ground of complaint against the North, which ought to be removed; which calls for the enactment of proper laws, authorizing the judicature of this government, in the several States, *to do all that is necessary for the recapture of fugitive slaves, and for their restoration to those who claim them.* Wherever I go, and wherever I speak on the subject (and when I speak here, I desire to speak to the whole North), I say that the South has been injured in this respect, and has a right to complain."

"I notice that, in one of the meetings holden lately in the very heart of New England, and said to have been very numerously attended, the members unanimously resolved 'that, as God is our helper, we will not suffer any person charged with being a fugitive from labor to be taken from among us; and to this resolve we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.' These persons do not seem to have been aware that the purpose thus avowed by them is distinctly treasonable."

"Depend upon it, the law will be executed in its spirit and letter. It will be executed in all the great cities—here in Syracuse, in the midst of the next Anti-Slavery Convention, if the occasion shall arise. Then we shall see what becomes of their lives and their sacred honor."

"We call upon Massachusetts to discharge that DUTY [the catching of fugitive slaves] as an affair of HIGH MORALS AND HIGH PRINCIPLES. The question now is, whether she will conquer her own PREJUDICES! Any man can perform an agreeable duty—it is not every man who can perform a disagreeable duty."

"I will say again in the city of Boston, if I am spared to have an opportunity, that you of the South have as much right to recover your fugitive slaves as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce."

"The excitement [in Boston] caused by the Fugitive Slave law is fast subsiding, and it is thought that there is now no probability of any resistance, if a fugitive should be arrested."

THE STATUE MUST BE REMOVED!

"AND LET ALL THE PEOPLE SAY, AMEN!"

(1) "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the VULTURES, and other unclean birds of prey, be gathered together."

ANDOVER, Mass., Sept. 10, 1859.

GENTLEMEN: I promise myself, in compliance with your invitation, the gratification and honor of being present on the 17th inst., at the inauguration of the statue of the late revered and lamented statesman, Daniel Webster.

Accept my thanks for your courtesy, and believe me very truly
Your friend and obedient servant, FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Hon F. W. Lincoln, Jr., Otis Clapp, Esq., and others, Boston.

RIGHTEOUSNESS BEFORE RITUALS—HUMANITY MORE THAN CREEDS.

[Extracts from a Discourse entitled "A Word to Unitarians," delivered in Philadelphia, Sept. 4, 1859, by WILLIAM H. FURNESS.]

WHILE I would not disparage the external forms of religious faith and worship, while I would recognize their propriety and their necessity, I think we ought to be upon our guard and take very great care lest we overvalue them, and attach too much importance to external formalities; to the scaffolding which men erect to advance the great spiritual building; to the mere lattice-work upon which that vine is to grow, which God alone can plant, and Nature alone can vivify. We ought to take great care in this respect—our vigilance, indeed, should never relax—because the constant and strong tendency of mankind in every place and age has been to over-estimate the external forms of Religion, to exalt them to the same consideration with the great natural and heaven-appointed duties of Righteousness and Mercy. Nay, the disposition is, not only to lift them up to a level with those same duties of Humanity which God has instituted, but to place them above those supreme obligations, to put tithes of anise and mint and cummin, church-going and Sabbaths, baptisms and sacraments, forms of words, and fallible human thought and external worship, above Eternal Justice and the Love of God. Such, I say, has been the tendency, the strong tendency of mankind at all times and everywhere. And there is no amount of intellectual culture that has yet been realized, no advance of civilization that has yet been made, sufficient to counteract this tendency, to put down the arrogance of human institutions when they presume to exalt themselves above the institutions of Nature and of God.

In numberless departments of knowledge and of art, the world is making most wonderful progress, subjugating to the performance of our humblest domestic offices the mightiest physical forces, turning iron and steam and gas and electricity into our household messengers and servants, bringing down and compelling to human uses that same mysterious power, which comes, a startling apparition of the night in the northern sky, flaming there like a king upon his throne, covering half the heavens with its robes of crimson and of light. And yet, powerful as men are proving themselves to be, we have not yet, in this matter of Religion, learned to distinguish the chaff from the wheat. We still confound the observance of artificial forms, which at best are only the temporary husks of the living seed, with that duty, imposed upon us by God and Nature, which is the imperishable seed itself, the essential germ of all growth. When Christ was under trial for his life, the men who, with a murderous thirst, were clamoring for his blood, calling out for the blood-stained Barabbas to be set free and for the innocent Jesus to be crucified, would not go into the Judgment Hall of the Roman magistrate, lest, by contact with infidels, they should be polluted and rendered incapable of observing the approaching Sabbath! It requires but the simple statement of such a fact to show how liable men are to overvalue the external ceremonies of religion and so to confound and reverse the most vital distinctions. It seems almost incredible. I declare to you, friends, for myself, I could not believe it, the perversion is so monstrous, were not this same utter blindness, to call it by no worse name, manifest and palpable in this our bright day of knowledge and of power. Multitudes there are now who will not breathe nor hear a word in behalf, not of one, but of millions of our brothers, bought, sold and hunted, lest Churches and Sabbaths should be desecrated!

Be it never forgotten, when creeds and rites are made much of, and regarded as indispensable things, the inevitable consequence is that justice and humanity and personal purity soon come to be undervalued and neglected. If this were not so, the case would not be of such vital importance. But, teach men to put too high a value upon Sabbath observance and church-going, and they are certain to disregard the obligations of common honesty and personal virtue. The fact is notorious that no man, now-a-days, helps his credit for integrity in the transactions of trade by being profuse in his professions of religion, and in his practise of its forms. In fact, to lay stress upon the externals of faith and worship is to establish a false standard of character. It diverts the consciences of men from the actual sphere of their obligations to artificial duties. Putting out of view the waste of precious time, it would be a small matter for a man to attend a prayer-meeting every hour of every day if he did not learn thereby to conceive disgust of the homely duties of daily life. In looking upon a formal act of verbal devotion as an act specially religious, he very soon grows insensible to the religion of actual life, to the fact that the offices of humanity, faithfully performed, are by far the most sacred offerings of praise and prayer that man can render to his Maker. On this account, therefore, I dread the increase of ceremonial Religion. It cannot increase save at the expense of that living Religion which is expressed not in religious words or rites, but in devotion to duty, in personal character, in purity of life, in fearless and self-sacrificing fidelity to the Right.

But, in addition to what I have now urged, there are special and pointed reasons why we, my friends, of all the religious denominations that exist, should set our faces against the multiplying and magnifying of the artificial symbols and ceremonies of Religion. We have renounced all creeds. We reject all religious tests but that which Jesus enjoins: "By their fruits ye shall know them." We maintain, to the utmost extent of its application, the great Protestant principle of the liberty and the right of private judgment. For my own part, I would fully commit myself to a boundless faith in the soundness of this principle, freely and fully according the use and the benefit of it, not only to those who profess to believe more than I do, but also to those who profess to believe less than I do, even if that difference goes to the extent of a rejection on their part of what seem to me first principles. With the Rev. Sydney Smith, of the Church of England, I hold that, "as Religion consists neither in devotion alone nor in fanaticism at all, it does not consist in theology, which we are apt to confound with it." Much less does Religion consist in philosophy or in any speculations, whether affirmative or negative, as to God and Immortality. With Henry Ward Beecher, I believe the ground of mutual confidence and union among men lies, to use his own words, "not in any thoughts or opinions whatever, but in dispositions," or, as it is expressed in one of the remarkable books of our day, "Adam Bede," "Religion does not consist in notions, but in feelings." Its dwelling is not in the erring intellect, at best dim and clouded, but in the heart, which, even when broken, may be filled with the light of that Presence which the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain. I can conceive of persons, for I know such, who seem, and who avow themselves to be, utterly in the dark as to the being and personality of a God, whose hearts, nevertheless, beat in earnest and instant response to the claims of all that is just and good, and to whom, accordingly, our respect and confidence are due.

And for this broad principle, which allows the utmost latitude of theological and philosophical speculation, and looks only at the spirit and personal character of men, if you need any authority beyond its intrinsic reasonableness, you may find it in the teachings of the New Testament. Jesus Christ taught no theology and no philosophy. He taught no creed. He instituted no Sabbath. The only religious test which he proposed was love, the Love of God shown by the Love of man.

Now, professing as we do, as a religious denomination, as Christian believers in one God and only one, to return to the simple Truth of Christ, and to stand by that, it is emphatically our duty and our mission to maintain the simplicity and spirituality of True Religion, and to take care that we at least do not corrupt it by allowing creeds and rites, forms of thought and of worship, to have an influence and authority inconsistent with the absolute supremacy of Justice and Humanity. Let other denominations, if they choose, talk about heretics and infidels, applying these opprobrious names to those who, in the free exercise of their unquestionable right to think for themselves, have come to their own conclusions in theology and philosophy. But let no such terms of reviling dishonor our lips. We, as liberal Christians, professing to breathe the spirit of Christ, can know no heresy but the heresy of unrighteousness, no infidelity but treason to the Right and the Humane, to the most perfect religious Freedom. It is our most imperative duty to give it to be seen that we attach no importance to mere forms, forms of opinion, or ceremonies of worship.

And, let me add, our duty in this respect is becoming the more urgent, the position that we should take is the more clearly defined, because tendencies are appearing in the opposite direction, and there is a disposition to turn again to creeds, and to those external symbols and observances which the Apostle Paul calls "weak and beggarly elements." The fact that the Unitarian denomination has no written creed, instead of being gloried in as our most honorable distinction, is coming to be deplored as a defect. And it is now and then more or less distinctly hinted that lines should be drawn, and that we should assume a theological ground and insist upon certain articles of faith, as essential to the Unitarian body, and to Unitarian fellowship.

What a departure from the spirit of the fathers does this hankering for a religious test display! Nearly five and thirty years ago, Henry Ware, Jr. (of sainted memory), in his sermon at my ordination as Pastor of this Society, speaking of the disposition to impose creeds upon men, uttered the following language (the echo of his thrilling tones, still lingers in my soul): "As we honor the name of our Lord," said he, "let us wage against this foe a war of extermination. Let us not rest, nor hold our peace, till its power be utterly trodden under foot. Watch against it, pray against it, preach against it. Let not a work or a thought plead for it in this holy place." And, at this point of his discourse, he suddenly turned to me, and I can never forget the solemnity of that address, as he exclaimed, "No, my brother, though your people, with the madness of Israel when he asked a king, should clamor for a creed that might exclude their own faith from improvement, and other believers from their fellowship, resist them to the utmost, and pay any price rather than so far forget the spirit and example of your Lord." And then turning again to the congregation, he added: "And if you, brethren, should ever find in your pastor this sad breach of holy charity, fail not to remind him that he is unfaithful to his trust, and enter your loudest protest against this dishonor to a good cause, this desecration of a holy office. True Religion will triumph only as it is free. You set limits to its empire whenever you abridge the right of free inquiry, or allow any man to place himself on the judgment seat of Christ."

Such was the admonition addressed to us by Henry Ware, who stands side by side with Dr. Channing in the early history of American Unitarianism. I thank God, his influence, and the influence of other eminent servants of Truth, now gone to their rest, still lingers amongst us, and we have not yet so far thrown it off as to give our sanction, as a body, to a written creed. But always before a written creed appears, there is a creed that is waiting to be written. That this is the case in our denomination is beginning to be made manifest by most significant tokens. Leading and gifted men among us are publicly declaring, in so many words, that it is high time that a line should be drawn; that a ground should be taken, beyond which, when any man goes, he is to be stigmatized as an infidel, having no claim to Christian communion and fellowship.

The influence of the, as yet, unwritten Unitarian Creed has already appeared, and on striking occasions. Recently, at a meeting of the graduates of the Theological School in Cambridge, a resolution, expressive of sympathy with a fellow-graduate, that remarkable and devoted man, Theodore Parker, now abroad in pursuit of the health which has been sacrificed by his indefatigable labors in a cause which he sacredly holds to be the truth of God, and the well-being of man—that resolution of simple human respect and sympathy was rejected, and rejected mainly, as it appears, on the ground that the passage of such a resolution would have been an endorsement of Mr. Parker's theological and philosophical speculations. Now, if the spirit of our denomination, which is preëminently the spirit of perfect intellectual freedom, were in the ascendant among us, how, in the name of this free spirit, could a company of Unitarian gentlemen ever have come so much as to dream that they were going to endorse anybody's opinions, but every man his own? It is no office of ours to endorse others, or to be endorsed by them. This is a thing that we utterly disclaim any authority to do. And how could our brethren suppose that they were doing this thing, least of all, by a simple united expression of common human sympathy for Mr. Parker, and of that personal respect for him which was so strongly avowed at the meeting? What if Mr. Parker had been unjust to the Unitarian body, and said and written harsh things about it? Only the more Christian and humane would it have been to forget all that, and to remember their brother-student, feeble, and weary, and far away from home. How the rejection of the resolution of sympathy may affect him, I do not know. I suppose, he has become hardened somewhat to such things by this time. But, if the resolution had passed, even with a most explicit disavowal of all assent to his theology, I am sure that in all Europe, aye, and in all the world, there are no springs or baths, no mountain air, no changing scenery, no eloquent monuments of the majestic past, that could send such a thrill of happiness and health into the heart of the sick man, pining, as the sick always must, for home, as such a word of simple brotherly sympathy sent to him across the waters from the place of his early education, which he loved.*

Oh the deplorable influence of creeds, written and unwritten, even upon liberal and generous-hearted men! Creating a fancied obligation to some poor form of fallible human opinion, they check the genial current of those human feelings, which God has made common and universal, because they are the life-blood of the world.

The dignity, the sacredness, the eminently religious character of the just and generous dictates and offices of our common Humanity, it is the especial mission of our denomination to maintain against all theological dogmas and ecclesiastical forms. Our duty, in this respect, is most manifest and urgent. It is one of the great and emphatic testimonies that we are summoned, in the Providence of Heaven, to bear. And if anything can stir us up to a faithful discharge of this duty, it is witnessing how liberal and generous minds are turned again to the bondage of those beggarly elements, creeds and forms, and how active the tendency is, even among the most enlightened, to exalt the institutions of man at the expense of the institutions of Nature and of God.

I conclude this discourse with expressing my faith in the advent of the true Church; that Church which, turning away from the dry and mouldering symbols of the Past, making no effort to galvanize creeds and sacraments, shall draw its life from the fresh springs of the human soul; that Church whose ceremonials shall be the acts and labors and sacrifices of earnest and living men, relinquishing property, and popularity, and life itself, when the need is for Freedom and for Humanity; that Church whose High Mass is a cup of cold water given to the panting fugitive, at the risk of fine and imprisonment; and whose hymns and prayers and liturgies are the daily offices of human love faithfully discharged. God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him not formally, but spiritually. Spiritual worship is the worship of the life. The hand that is extended to do whatsoever of duty it finds to be done—that hand is the true religious symbol of Faith and Prayer. In the true, living, invisible Church, every man of every religious name, or of no religious name, who by working righteousness manifests the Love of God in his heart, is an accepted worshipper in full communion and fellowship with the saints on earth and in heaven. The visible temple of the Spiritual Church is this holy and beautiful fabric of universal Nature, with its blue unpillared dome over our heads, decorated all round with the tokens of Infinite Love, and resounding forever with the harmonies of a consummate and unbroken Order.

*It was objected to the Resolution that it had no precedent. Why not then create a precedent, and pass a similar resolution of fraternal sympathy with another fellow-graduate of the Theological School, that servant of God, faithful and well-beloved, Samuel J. May, likewise driven abroad in search of health?

WHITE PEOPLE SOLD AS SLAVES.—*The Abbeville* (Ala.) *Banner* says that Patience Hicks, a young woman about 17 years of age, who was held as a slave by John Guilford, a citizen of Henry County, under a bill of sale made to him by one James C. Wilson, was brought before Judge Williams, under a writ of *habeas corpus*, sued out by Mrs. Cassa Ann Hicks, the mother of said girl, who arrived in the town of Abbeville on Tuesday, the 9th inst. On the trial of the case it was proved that Wilson went to the house of Mrs. Hicks, in Columbus, Georgia, about the first of last March, where he remained sick for several weeks. On his recovery, he desired to marry the young lady; and finding that her mother was opposed to their marriage, he stole her away and brought her to the house of the Rev. John Guilford, to whom he sold her for a slave. On his return to Columbus, he procured her brother, a boy about 15 years old, and sold him to a gentleman in Georgia. The girl has worked on the plantation, and is considerably sun-burnt, which makes her appear rather dark. The girl Patience had an infant daughter. The case was tried before Judge Williams of the Probate Court, and the mother and child were released from the services of Guilford. *The Banner* states, however, that the counsel for Guilford have taken the case to the Supreme Court, not with the expectation of again enslaving the girl, but with the expectation of clearing Guilford of the cost imposed upon him by the Judge of Probate.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

PENNSYLVANIA STATE MEETING.

THE Twenty-second Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti Slavery Society will be held in the Horticultural Hall, West Chester, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, the 5th and 6th of October, commencing on Wednesday at 10 o'clock a. m.

Each advancing year lends fresh interest to the Anti-Slavery movement and invests its stated annual meetings with increased importance. In addition to the topics which usually engross the attention of anti-slavery assemblies—such as the corruption of parties, the apostacy of the Church, and the like—others, coming more immediately home to our feelings as Pennsylvanians, will claim consideration at the approaching meeting. Such, for instance, as the duty now urgent upon the people of this State to make Pennsylvania in fact, what it is only in form, a *Free State.*

Decency and humanity alike require that every inhabitant of this Commonwealth, not charged with crime, should be secured by law in his inalienable right to liberty. Justice and self-respect forbid the surrender of any human being claimed as a slave from the borders of Pennsylvania.

This sentiment, which has been steadily taking shape for some time in this community, has reached a point of strength that demands a practical recognition. Measures should be taken to secure its universal prevalence, and as a consequence the passage of a law ensuring to every innocent inhabitant of the State the undisturbed possession of his personal liberty. What these measures should be, and why they should be adopted, will be questions for discussion at the ensuing meeting. All interested in the subject are earnestly invited to attend.

By order of the Executive Committee,

JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

Philadelphia, Eighth mo. 31, 1859.

THE WEBSTER STATUE.

A STATUE is not necessarily a wicked thing. Images, graven or molten, we think may be made, if they be honest. The Second Commandment, according to our exegesis, doth not forbid the making of such, but the bowing down to them and worshipping them. The two cherubims of solid gold which Bezaleel, the son of Uri, made to cover the Mercy-seat with their outspread wings, with their faces one to the other, and Mercy-seat ward also, were images the uses and ends of which made them to differ from the prohibited likenesses to the things that are in the heaven above, in the earth beneath, and in the water under the earth. In short, it is the thing signified by the image that makes it comely or abominable. It is the quality of mind or heart that takes shape in the marble or the brass that sanctifies or vitiates it. It may represent the embodiment of a virtue—in which case it is good, if well done; or it may present the counterfeit image of a vice—and then the better it is done, the worse. So of the marble and brass that is carved or melted into the likeness of men or women—"the stone that breathes and struggles, the brass that seems to speak"—it is blessed or accursed according to the characteristics of the person for whom this brazen or stony immortality is sought to be secured. If of a hero, a martyr, a benefactor of mankind, it is well; if of a traitor or a tyrant, it is an abomination and a shame.

They set up a Statue to Daniel Webster at Boston, the other day. Some say it is ugly, other some (though few) that it is altogether lovely. Its æsthetic merits, however, are nothing to the purpose of this discourse. It matters not whether it be comely as his fair renown when, in the fresh prime of his years, he thundered against the slave trade, at Plymouth, on the 22d of December, 1820 (the moment of his life on which all his eulogists on the day of Inauguration endeavored, in their various measures of oratoric art, to fix the thoughts of their hearers), or whether it be as ugly as his plumed and tattered fame when he erected slave-hunting into the first of a freeman's duties, on the Seventh of March, 1850, at Washington It is erected on the grounds of the State of Massachusetts, and it must be received, for the present, as a sign that he is the man whom Massachusetts most delights to honor of all her sons, native or by hospitable adoption. It was eagerly accepted by the Republican Governor of that State—who hopes to exchange that dignity for the highest in the nation, soon—and his acceptance confirmed, without objection or remonstrance, by a Republican Legislature. This is what gives significance to the event—this is what puts the breath of life into the bronze, and makes the Man of the Seventh of March, though dead, yet to speak with most miraculous organ. Elsewhere and otherwise, it had been of inconsiderable moment. Had the city which carried Anthony Burns back to slavery, with tuck of drum and blare of trumpet, in swift obedience to the injunctions of him whom she most loved to honor, had Boston set up the statue on its municipal soil, there had been a fitness between the act and the place which would have silenced criticism. But that Massachusetts, who, as a State, has been cried up as the foremost in the opposition to the principles and practices of the Seventh of March and its hero, should be called upon to take this load of brass upon her breast, is a fact which may well excite our special wonder.

Was there no sincerity in all the declamations which Massachusetts, and the men she has put into the high places instead of Webster and his like, have made against the crimes of his latter days? Do the people of the State, which claims to lead the hosts of freedom against those of slavery in the battle-fields of politics, really have no sense of that enormous wickedness and of its too successful effect in debauching and demoralizing the moral sense of the inhabitants of the country? Do they regard that action—those words which were far-reaching acts—as a simple error of judgment into which a good man had casually fallen, through the imperfection of his mortal nature? Do the leaders of the Republican party regard the mighty issues of the iniquity Daniel Webster helped to perpetrate that day as the mere cards and dice and counters with which the game is to be played, of which the Presidency and all its long roll of offices to be held? It may be so as to these last—though we cannot but hope better things of many even of them. But, as to the mass of the people of Massachusetts, we believe any such imputation would be simply libellous. The reaction of the excitement stirred up by priests and politicians to sustain Mr. Webster in the hope of thrusting him up into the Presidential throne, consequent on his ridiculous discomfiture, which changed his countenance and sent him away to die, has left a deep and abiding detestation mingled with contempt for his memory and his name, wide-spread and daily extending and deepening. We affirm that the act of the Governor and Legislature in permitting this *eidolon* of the Fugitive Slave law to be erected on their premises was the act of eye servants, of unfaithful stewards, who made use of power entrusted to them for one purpose to do a thing never contemplated by their masters.

Richard Cobden left a legacy of half-a-dozen winged words behind him, which are well worth all the praise he may extract from our institutions for political use at home. We mean when he said that what the Republican party wanted was *pluck;* that what gave the Democrats the advantage over them was that they were not afraid to maintain their doctrines everywhere, whereas the Republicans were always apologizing for theirs and trying to explain them away. This matter of the Boston Statue—the Massachusetts Statue we suppose we must call it, till the State has flung it away from her—is a case directly in point. We verily believe—indeed, we have been assured on the best authority that the fact was so—that a large majority of the members of both branches of the Legislature felt as all right-judging men did on the subject of the disgraceful character of the proposition suggested by Mr. Everett and the Boston Webster clique, through Governor Banks as their mouth-piece, and yet not a word of remonstrance was raised against it, on any true ground, and scarcely a word on any ground at all! The Legislature could not have done a more popular action, nor one in which they would have been more generally and enthusiastically sustained, than the refusal to assent to Gov. Banks's proposition, for the reason that Daniel Webster was not a man whom Massachusetts delighted to honor, because of the guilt which stained his later public life. But the metropolitan influences brought to bear upon them, the dread of the denunciation of noisy though impotent tools of the Slave Power, like *The Post* and *The Courier*, sealed their lips and induced them to permit this ignominy to be inflicted on the State whose honor was committed to their keeping for the time. And that by means of a dirty trick—dignified by one of the party leaders by the appellation of "a d—d lucky hit"—under the cover of which they skulked away from the doing of their duty and the performance of their trust.

The Republican party of Massachusetts has generally had the credit of being the most thoroughly Anti-Slavery of any of the divisions of that army. It may be so. But if this action be a specimen of what we have to expect from the National party, when it takes possession of the government, as it hopes to do, in 1861, we can draw but very faint hopes of an improved state of things from their victory. If the strongest division of their party, led by a prominent candidate for the Presidency, have not the strength of mind to resist the seductions of the seedy, battered, broken-down remnants of the Webster Whig party in Boston, what hope can there be of their standing out against the bullyings and the wheedlings of the slaveholders, who are neither seedy, battered nor broken-down, but with actual substantive political power in their hands? Should the next Legislature of Massachusetts refuse to set their State right before the world in this matter, it will at least relieve all Abolitionists of any anxious interest in the result of the election of 1860. If this be a taste of the courage and spirit of the best among the Republicans, what, in the name of common sense, must be the worst? For one, we should look with great resignation on the election of Mr. Douglas, in that alternative—believing that he would at least stand by himself and not suffer the slaveholders to crow over him, or encroach on the North, unless it answered his own purpose. Let us have King Stork rather than King Log. Anything rather than *Sneaks* to rule over us.

But we will not believe that this blot will be permitted to blacken the fair name of the Bay State for long. The Republicans, perhaps, were sleeping—at any rate, they were taken at unawares. The Abolitionists, who have ever been their schoolmasters, had not an opportunity to instruct them on this point. That defect in their education must be forthwith remedied. And we are glad to learn that measures have already been taken to fill the State with petitions for the removal of this monument of her disgrace. A lucky hit cannot rid the next Legislature of the full discussion of the matter on its merits. There must be a Committee and a public hearing, and annually, as long as the Statue stands, the misdeeds of Daniel Webster will be kept fresh in the minds of men. Of course, this act of justice and self-respect will be demanded on no grounds of the artistic qualities of the Statue. It would not matter if it rivalled the most famous works of the ancient or modern chisel—if it vied with the Olympian Jove in majesty, and eclipsed "the statue that enchants the world" in grace. It is the public crimes of the man it stands for that stamp it as unfit to stand where it does, if the people of the State are what they pretend to be. We look for faithful service in this cause from the faithful hands of the Massachusetts Abolitionists; and if they fail, we believe it will be for the first time.

NO SLAVE-HUNTING IN NEW YORK!

STATE PERSONAL LIBERTY COMMITTEE.

ALBANY, Sept. 13, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A MEETING was held here yesterday, which resulted in the organization of a State Committee to take measures to secure the passage of a Personal Liberty law, by the next Legislature, to prevent hereafter, by State authority, the rendition of fugitive slaves.

The Committee, as organized, is as follows:

President—AARON M. POWELL, Ghent, N. Y.
Secretary—GEORGE E. BAKER, Albany.
Treasurer—LYDIA MOTT, Albany.
Additional Members—Rev. A. D. Mayo and Minos McGowan, Albany; Leonard Gibbs, Esq., Union Village; Hon. William Hay, Saratoga Springs; Susan B. Anthony, Rochester; Rev. Samuel J. May, Syracuse; George W. Taylor, Shirley, Erie Co.; James B. Richards, Harlem; Abby H. Gibbons and William Erving, New York City.

The following Appeal and the accompanying form of Petition were adopted for publication, and will be sent out to all parts of the State.

NEW YORK A FREE STATE.

At an informal meeting of persons favorable to the enactment of a Personal Liberty law, held in Albany, on the 12th day of September, 1859, the following Appeal was adopted and ordered to be published.

GEO. E. BAKER, Sec'y. A. M. POWELL, Chairman.

APPEAL

To the People of the State of New York:

Shall the soil of the Empire State be longer polluted by the track of the slave-hunter?

Shall we ourselves be subjected to his call to chase and catch his human prey?

Shall we be subjected to fines and imprisonments for refusing thus to degrade and dehumanize ourselves?

Must our doors and hearts be closed to the panting, starving stranger, who seeks shelter and protection from the remorseless kidnapper that would drag him back to the woes of the plantation from which he escaped?

Must we help to send him back to the land of chains and tortures, from which he fled through troops of blood-hounds scenting out his track; through forests where wild beasts prowl in the darkness; through rivers and dismal swamps; with no eye to pity him, save God's, shining through the North Star, guiding His despairing child to the nearest Asylum where the wicked cease from troubling?

Serious, solemn, momentous, are all these inquiries! What shall our answer be? First, we will ask the Legislature to pass a law that shall forever protect our State from the desecrating presence of the slave-hunter. By the Fugitive Slave bill of 1850, we are now forbidden to shelter or assist the forlornest stranger who ever appealed for sympathy and aid. Fines and imprisonments impend over us for exercising one of the holiest charities of our religion. The Law of God is defied. Vice, the foulest, the blackest, is exalted to virtue; while virtue, humanity and holiness are legislated into crimes, and Heaven's own conditions of salvation are impiously reversed.

We rejoice to believe that our Legislature, by passing a PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL, can remedy these fearful wrongs. A PETITION for such an act has been prepared to accompany this Appeal. You are asked to *sign it*, to *circulate it*, to obtain for it the names of all your neighbors and fellow-citizens, and to send it, early in January, to the Legislature. Petitions may be sent to your Member of Assembly or Senator, or to GEORGE E. BAKER, Albany, New York.

This is no formal, idle request, but an earnest, well-considered appeal, in the name of God and Humanity. And this appeal is made to you, reader, whoever you may be, as one upon whom the responsibility of God's law unceasingly rests.

PETITION.

☞Please give every man and woman in your town an opportunity to sign this Petition. On or near Jan. 1st, 1860, it should be forwarded, by a reliable hand, to the Legislature. By a union of effort and a division of labor, in each town, the work of giving the Petition a thorough circulation will be accomplished with comparative ease.

To the Honorable Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens of ———, State of New York, respectfully ask you to put an end to SLAVE-HUNTING in New York, by enacting that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this State, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the slave States of this Union.

"Thou shalt NOT deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. *He shall dwell with thee*, even among you in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, WHERE IT LIKETH HIM BEST: *Thou shalt not oppress him.*"—DEUT XXIII: 15, 16.

LEGAL VOTERS.	OTHER ADULTS.

The Committee will soon issue a circular, addressed to all friends of freedom, inviting general and hearty coöperation in their labors, by contributions of money and vigorous efforts in circulating and obtaining signatures to the Petition, &c. Let there be a prompt and generous response, in this important work, from all parts of the State, and by united, energetic action we may banish forever the ungodly slave-hunter from the soil of the Empire State. P.

A NEW YORKER IN PARIS.

PARIS, August 30th, 1859.

MR. OLIVER JOHNSON—*My Dear Sir:* I am often reminded of my promise to drop you a few lines from this city, and any apparent neglect is not from a supposed paucity of subjects, but rather from a presumption that you very well understand those things which are usually noted by travellers. I am constrained to write you now, lest you should suppose I have forgotten my promise, or rather am regardless of it.

I know there are friends of our cause in this city, both native and foreign, but I have not been able to confer with them upon the progress of events. I am pleased to receive THE STANDARD regularly, and to read therein Wendell Phillips's glorious speeches (any one of which is worth a year's subscription), and Dr. Cheever's truthful utterances, from *The Independent.* I wonder if it would inspirit them to know that their words cause a thrill of delight, as the blood tingles along the veins of quiet people who read them to one another in distant cities of another continent? I trust the Doctor, whose articles often remind me of Milton's grand prose writings against the heirarchy and ecclesiasticism of his day, is not to be crushed out by ecclesiastical opposition, nor the jesuitical treachery of *The Independent.* I long ago saw, as I thought, that the reason they did not break with the Doctor was a fear to lose interest and subscribers; and I therefore discontinued that paper, as I would any other sectarian journal that showed that it cared more for its sect than for God and man.

One need not be long here to perceive, though there are comparatively few blacks or people of color in this city, that complexion is no bar to society or position. I have seen colored persons in almost all the public places, seated with white gentlemen in the garden of the Tuilleries, walking arm-in-arm with white ladies on the Boulevards, driving about town with them, and, in fact, in every place where ladies and gentlemen go; they are seen—oh! shocking to American nerves!—on the front seats of the dress circle at the Italian Opera, and other places of amusement. One day, at the exposition of paintings at the Palace of the Champs Elysees (lately the Palace of Industry), we observed two of the sergeants, in charge in one of the rooms, seated together, who had so far forgotten themselves, being overcome by the heat of the weather doubtless, as to have dropped asleep. Directly another person, dressed in much the same military costume, approached them softly and stealthily, and, taking off his gold-laced chapeau, touched with it, good-naturedly, the one who did not awake at his approach. He received it as a gentle reprimand for his dereliction of duty—for there were in the room valuable pictures and cameos, set with jewels—and said he, "Upon my faith! I believe I had lost myself!" As we observed the man who took this duty upon himself to be what *we* call a negro, though he was really a brown man, or Sambo, we were curious to know something of him, and upon inquiry were informed by one of the officials that he was a Brigadier, or higher officer, as we might perceive by the difference in dress, which was in part a double line of gold lace on his hat and coat. It was clear from the manner in which he was received that they did not feel it any degradation to have a man of color as their superior officer. An intelligent Frenchman said to me, "I would as lief eat and drink with a black man as any other; I do not judge a man by the color of his skin, but by his moral and intellectual character!" We found at the Palace of the Luxembourg a young black man and a young American—artists—side by side, copying a picture by Rosa Bonheur. The black man's picture seemed to be a very fair copy; we thought it as good as his white neighbor's. One advantage he had over his white confrere was that he spoke the French fluently, and was said to be on sociable terms with the painters around him. Copying in the same room were painters from various parts of the United States and elsewhere; one, I was told, was from Alabama! By the way, I would like to know if your "National Academy of Design" has so far recovered from its cowardly colorphobia as to permit a black person to enter its sacred halls, to look at its annual exhibition? I know that not long ago it would not allow such a thing! But the world moves. We observed, as we supposed, among the Zouaves (who are now, you know, almost if not entirely Frenchmen) a sprinkling of Algerine blacks, with straight hair, probably Moors, and a few pure negroes; but we were told by a French gentleman that not all those dressed in the manner of the Zouaves, with the red cap, or the turban and Turkish trousers, &c., are so, but that those who wear the blue trousers instead of the red are the Terailleurs. There is also a regiment—more or less—called Turcos, who wear the turban. They were all greatly lionized while here, but they have gone, I suppose, with the raree shows of the fête which Louis Napoleon got up to tickle the people, and give the Gallic cock a chance to crow. But "it has gone, it has all passed by." The paper crowns, festoons and laurel-wreaths are all taken down, and the plaster Goddesses of Liberty are dethroned from their brick and mortar elevations. An intelligent Frenchman told me the fête would cost a million of francs. I cannot doubt it! But what of that? It is but a drop in the bucket compared with the mere expenses of the war, infamous as it was, because made under false pretences. To read, as we do, that the number of lives lost in the campaign is 80,000 takes away one's desire for a description of the fête. Only to think of it! English and American sight-seers, it is said, paid fabulous prices for a window or a balcony on the Boulevards, or the Rue de la Paix, to see the army enter the city, headed by the Emperor, on the Sunday when they marched in from St. Maur, "and then —— marched back again." I saw and traversed the encampment at St. Maur, and do not expect ever to see so many troops together again. It was said there were eighty thousand, and an English gentleman who counted a platoon or a squadron, and timed them, calculated that, as they were three hours in passing, there was full that number. The French soldiers do not have the exact and automatic march of our New York Seventh Regiment; they have discarded all that precision and stiffness of movement as only fit for the summer soldier, and care for nothing but to get over the ground in good order, and with ease and rapidity. The infantry passed in quick time, the artillery on a trot, and the cavalry on a gallop. Think you Napoleon had no ulterior object in showing the people of Paris eighty thousand victorious soldiers in a morning, as if by the magic of a wand? To use a Gallicism, I think yes!

We were amused, when passing along the Champs Elysees, to see, at the stall of a book and map-seller, a chart representing full length portraits of fifty-two of the greatest Sages, Philosophers, Lawyers, Generals, Artists and Authors of the world, in all ages, commencing, I believe, with Moses, and coming down to the time of Napoleon I. Washington was numbered the fifty-first, and Napoleon the fifty-second—and last. Upon searching for Washington, which we naturally did, we found him standing modestly in the extreme right of the picture, with nobody between him and the side to prevent his stepping out. But one need not search for Napoleon, who, dressed in his usual military style, with his peculiar cocked hat, has reached the middle foreground of the picture, as the great men of all ages make way for him to appear in front, "the observed of all observers"!

Now, one need not suppose that many intelligent persons in France take such a view of the relative greatness of men. But is it not probable that the chart represented the feelings of a great mass of the French people? And Napoleon finds his account in aping the actions, mixing up (so to speak) his name with Napoleon I., affecting to love and fight for liberty as he did; and doubtless, at some future time, some canting Abbott, the representative of a bastard Christianity (as now the *N. Y. Observer*), may be found base enough to whitewash the bloody and perjured traitor. But it is as it should be, for Napoleon and the editors of the *Observer*—are they not both conservatives of the first water! He of priestcraft, despotism and Catholicism, and they of that American despotism, slavery, "the sum of all villanies." There is a great deal of liberty here to speak anything in favor of the Emperor, as in the Southern States to take a "Southside view"; but woe betide the man or woman here, as there, who dares to utter his honest convictions in opposition to the powers that be. The prison or a trip to Cayenne would reward the temerity here, as there a coat of tar and feathers at the least, with a *carte blanche* to travel anywhere northward. The newspapers, as you well know, speak "with bated breath, and in a bondman's key." Liberty, indeed, to go to the theatres and see the sights, as pleasure-seeking Americans do! But I have been informed, and in a friendly way, that I must not whistle or hum the air of the Marseillaise hymn—that it is forbidden by law, and that one is liable to be arrested and thrown into prison for such an indiscretion. But I must stop for the present. You know this is not the dish you were promised. I shall not be able to touch that subject now.

I have seen at the studio of Mr. Cranch, the well-known American artist, a fine landscape, a wood scene, with figures of children, not too large, with a splendid sunlight effect. Another time I may put down a great many unconsidered trifles. In the meantime, I remain, faithfully yours, NEW YORKER.

P.S.—I forgot to say, what may be interesting to some of your friends to know, that a considerable number of letters and papers directed to the Rev. Theodore Parker have been for some time past lying at the banking-house of Munroe & Co., Paris, Mr. Parker being in Switzerland.

BOSTON PATRIOTISM UNDER A WET BLANKET.

BOSTON, Sept. 17th, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

CAN'T you commiserate us in our disappointment? Have you no sympathy for the patriotism of Boston, which to-day received such shabby treatment from the weather? To think that on the two hundred and twenty-ninth anniversary of our immaculate city—on the seventy-second birthday of the American Constitution—and, more than all else, the day for the inauguration of poor Mr. Webster's Statue (pardon me, I should say the poor statue of Mr. Webster)—to think of such a wet blanket being thrown over the festivities, is a little too much for people, even of our equanimity, to bear silently. Is it possible that your meteorological neighbor, Mr. Merriam, could have had a hand in this? We knew that a small body of Abolitionists, whose antipathy to the great Daniel is in no way abated since his death (but which, like cheese, grows stronger by time), were very eager to "throw cold water" upon the occasion; but that the heavens should favor their most fervent wishes, by opening their flood-gates, was something totally unlooked for.

As your own unequalled correspondent, D. Y., has the exclusive and undoubted proprietorship of Mr. Everett and Mr. Webster, I fear I may be trespassing upon his premises if I narrate a few events pertaining to the 17th. But, assuring him that neither of these luminaries shall be handled by me in an unseemly manner, and hoping there is enough *plunder* for us both in the transactions of to-day, I send you, tremblingly, these observations of a looker-on.

For nearly a week previous to the celebration, the State House yard presented a busy aspect. The whole area was covered with a huge platform, upon which were seats for the dignitaries and invited guests. Upon a neat pedestal of light New Hampshire granite, the brazen caricature, before which the cottonocracy and bunkerism of Boston was to bow down, was placed. Although the new position improved its looks a little, its ugliness was by no means lessened, and the dissatisfaction of the casual spectator, as he surveyed the image, was but the index of the feeling entertained by the community.

Arrangements for an imposing procession were made, distinguished guests invited, Mr. Franklin Pierce had promised to come all the way from New Hampshire to be present, and the oration of Mr. Everett was predicted (probably by those who had read it, it having been in type nearly a week before its delivery) to be "the masterpiece of his life."

But the morning of the 17th filled the Webster retainers with sorrow and dismay. A north-easterly storm was pelting down upon our devoted city, filling the streets with mud, and the seats of the invited guests with water, dampening the ardor of the people, and drenching the statue of the "god-like" in a relentless and pitiless manner. Around the streets were to be seen large handbills, containing extracts from Mr. Webster's last speeches, giving his sentiments on slavery and the Fugitive Slave law.

Now, I ask you, Mr. Editor, was it not unwise, at such a time, to recall these unpleasant reminiscences? For more than seven years have we been trying to forget these unfortunate utterances of the "Defender"; and, just when we flattered ourselves with our success, up come these Abolitionists with their "terrible memories" and parade them before our eyes. A regular Banquo's ghost, sir, a regular Banquo's ghost!

The forenoon passed dismally enough. Thick coats, umbrellas and over-shoes were more plenty than decorations. There was no alternative for Mr. Everett but to deliver his oration at the Music Hall. At two o'clock, the procession, composed of one military company, followed by a short train of "retainers," carrying umbrellas, started from the City Hall. It presented a ludicrous appearance, and was described by one of our city papers as "a procession of umbrellas." Omitting the prescribed route, it passed directly to the Music Hall.

Spite of the inclement weather (the rain at this time was coming down violently), a large concourse of people crowded the avenue leading to the hall, hoping to obtain a chance to hear "the great Laudator." In the midst of this crowd stood your correspondent, who, when the word was given, after the procession had entered, was fortunate enough, after considerable crushing, to obtain an entrance and a seat. The ladies who had tickets to the gallery, regardless of the rain, were present in sufficient numbers to fill the space allotted them. The hall was soon packed, and at three o'clock the Rev. Dr. Lothrop was called upon "to invoke a blessing." After thanking the Almighty for the many eminent men who have blessed this country "since our fathers sought an asylum on these shores," he took occasion to enlighten Him respecting the object of this celebration—"that we are met together to do honor to one of our illustrious dead, whose fame (he furthermore told the Deity) filled the nation and covered the earth," &c. He asked the blessing of God upon not only Mr. Webster's Statue, but likewise upon the Governor of the State, the office-holders, and the President of the United States. This was well. I can recall no body of men who needed it more. But when the Rev. Doctor had finished his laudation of Mr. Webster, your correspondent couldn't but think how appropriate would have been an ending similar to that of the college professor who instructed pupils in philosophy. Being called upon one day to invoke a blessing, he concluded his prayer, from force of habit, with the usual remark with which he was accustomed to address his students at the close of his most difficult experiments: "Strange and paradoxical as this may seem (O! Lord), it is nevertheless true." I'm afraid that Dr. Lothrop, however, would decline to testify to the truth of his paradoxical praise.

Professor Felton, who never thinks of making a speech without an allusion to Greece, any more than Mr. G. W. F. Mellen does without a reference to the "habeas corpus," next took the platform. He gave as a reason for erecting the Statue of Mr. Webster that the Greeks, on the death of Demosthenes, set up a brazen image to his memory, in Athens. I tried hard to see why it was that because the Athenians should delight to honor a martyr to their liberty, Massachusetts should be proud to put up an ugly work of art, to honor the man who most dishonored her, and made her soil a ground for hunting slaves; but I couldn't succeed. The Professor's analogy was too much for me.

He delivered the Statue over to Mayor Lincoln, who, doubtless anxious to get it off his hands, speedily made it over to the Governor. Mr. Banks, in his speech of acceptation, which did him no honor, expressed his pride and pleasure on receiving the monumental likeness of the great statesman. But the most astonishing part of the performance was Mr. Banks's voucher for the artistic merit of the Statue and the faithfulness and success of the artist. I think this didn't quite "go down" with the audience, albeit they swallowed many other unpalatable statements with avidity.

Of Mr. Everett's oration I will briefly say that its captivating eloquence and rhetorical beauty were only equalled by its lack of truth and of moral discrimination. To the tender mercies of D. Y. let us consign Mr. Everett and his oration. May his scalpel be ready for their dissection.

Hardly had the dulcet tones of the orator ceased, when a shock was given to the tender nerves of the Union-lovers, on having petitions for the removal of the Statue which had just been inaugurated thrust into their faces on leaving the hall. It was evident that the Abolitionists were laying their plans early, and this was their first intimation that "the Campbells are coming," to remove the unsightly Statue which now disgraces Massachusetts.

Yours, for the suppression of idolatry, J.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 799, contains a critical notice, from *The National Review*, of "Sir E. B. Lytton, Novelist, Philosopher and Poet," Part V. of "The Luck of Ladysmede," and a variety of articles on European politics. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 20th.

I HAVE read with interest and edification the article you copied into your last number from the columns of *The Practical Christian*. Anything from the pen of Adin Ballou is worthy of attention; for he is not only an able writer, but a man of great consistency of character and well known soundness of judgment. Nevertheless, he is not infallible, as I think this article shows.

Mr. Ballou is inclined, for certain reasons which he mentions, to withdraw from the anti-slavery organization, and to confine himself henceforth, in his labors for the cause, to individual action. One of the reasons he gives for this is the rampant activity, as he regards it, of the "war spirit" in our movement. On this head, he makes some statements which, if they came from almost any one else, I should say at once were exaggerations. They may be true to the extent of his observation, and doubtless are, or he would not make them; but they certainly cannot be predicated of that portion of the American Anti-Slavery Society that comes within our purview.

That the war spirit is more than usually in the ascendant just now, all will admit. It is so the world over. There is a strong disposition everywhere to resort to physical force for the subversion of existing evils. Abolitionists sympathize with this feeling. Our organization is made up of people of all varieties of opinion on the force question. Nevertheless, it may be safely affirmed that no Society in the country embraces so large a proportion of peace men as does the American Anti-Slavery Society. So palpably is this the case that, for nearly twenty years, it has been our chief reproach. It is extraordinary, then, that one usually so well informed as our friend Ballou should talk of retiring, as though the precise contrary were the fact.

Our anti-slavery movement has undergone no essential change in this or any other respect. It is the same now that it was in the beginning. It has always included men who believed in political action, and maintained the right in certain contingencies to resort to physical force. There may have been more repression in this respect in times past, but the sentiment has always been known to exist. That it should show itself, and that somewhat offensively, now that we have acquired power, and enjoy the sympathies of outside masses, and now that the slaveholders so frequently avail themselves of the provisions of the Fugitive Slave law, should not surprise any one.

But our friend finds difficulty with our measures as well as our spirit. He says he cannot sign a petition to the Legislature for the nullification of the Fugitive Slave law or the political dissolution of the Union. Very well; his duty then is plain. Let him withhold his signature. He is not alone in this respect. Others, without a thought of leaving the Society, have the same scruples. A majority, however, regard it as their duty to circulate petitions of this character. Let them do so; they are responsible, not he, for their acts.

Our friend says: "We would fain persuade them to come up higher and stand with us." Then why does he not do so? His answer is, because "they are not ripe for this." Then why not essay to ripen them? Is the thing impossible? Then he had better doubt the truth of his position. If it can be done, who better qualified for the work than Adin Ballou; or where will more favorable opportunities offer than are afforded on the platform of the Anti-Slavery Society? Our friend has done good service in this respect heretofore; why should he now relax his efforts? At the very time we need him most, according to his account of our condition, he proposes to leave us. This is not right. I have now before me a speech of his, entitled "The Superiority of Moral Power to Political Force." This speech was printed and circulated by the Pennsylvania branch of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and scattered broadcast over the country. It did good, and is still doing good. Let the testimony be repeated, and the benefits therefrom will still be great. Let Mr. Ballou come to our annual meeting on the 5th and 6th proximo, and he may be sure of an attentive hearing and of a ready reception of his doctrine by the great majority of his hearers.

There is an apparent despondency in our friend's tone that does not become one who stands for the all-sufficiency of the Truth. He says:

"They are sure they can drive out a pro-slavery devil with a pro-war scorpion for a scourge. Moreover, they are so confident of this that they cannot easily avoid expressing now and then a little contempt at non-resistant softliness. We hear it at almost every public meeting, and it excites laughter at the expense of our principles. Well, it is the voice of the majority, and we must submit. We will not make it a point of debate. But it grieves and disgusts us, and perhaps our best testimony will be to retire and do what good we can in the world under the banner of simple Practical Christianity. We are rather inclined to such a course."

This does not sound like Adin Ballou. It is he, not the Society, that has changed. What if "now and then a little contempt of non-resistant softliness" does find expression? Cannot our friend, who knows he is in the right, bear that, and a little "laughter at his expense" besides? Why should he say, "it is the voice of the majority; I must submit; I will not make it a point of debate"? This looks almost like shirking duty. The voice of the majority imposes no obligation of submission. If he does not "make it a point of debate," it is because he will not. He has the right and one would suppose he would feel it to be his duty. But he says, "We are rather inclined to retire." Let him not forget that inclination and duty sometimes lead in opposite directions.

Another reason given by Mr. Ballou for contemplating withdrawal is thus expressed:

"Because there is a growing disposition among our anti-slavery associates to magnify their movement for the abolition of chattel slavery as including the main substance of Christianity, or of a natural religion much purer than Christianity, to the great disparagement of other departments of righteousness, and a manifest contempt for the really valuable established religious institutions."

As a criticism this is worthy of consideration. There may be, and doubtless are, some of whom it may be affirmed; but if they are authorized exponents of the doctrine of abolition, I must say it has never been my lot to hear them.

It is somewhat extraordinary that while orthodox ministers, the "most straitest" of their sect, after making our movement their study for years, are now venturing upon our platform, Mr. Ballou, a heretic of heretics, should feel compelled to retire for the very reasons which had before obliged these orthodox men to stand aloof.

But our friend certainly labors under a misapprehension on this point. No one claims for abolitionism that it is the end of the law for righteousness; nor that, strictly defined, it comprehends the "main substance of Christianity." It is quite possible that its apostles, in their zeal to magnify their office, may have sometimes overstated its claims, or ascribed to it too great a breadth; but this error is quite as pardonable as that of those who would underrate the enterprise and unduly contract its scope. Into this error—of course, unconsciously—our friend Ballou, we think, has fallen.

It does not follow, because the liberation of the slave is the sole end avowed by the Anti-Slavery Society, that "natural justice," and that "stinted," is the only duty it is its office to inculcate. Our movement has a basis which gives it a much wider scope. It purposes not only to accomplish this end, but to accomplish it in a particular manner. "Our measures shall be such as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption—the destruction of error by the potency of truth—the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love—and the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance."

That is abolitionism, as it is preached and practised by its authorized exponents. It is not Christianity—all told; nor "natural religion," in its full extent; but it is both, *applied to the overthrow of slavery*. Whoso preaches abolitionism as it is taught in the formulas of our Society, so far forth teaches Christianity; or, if you choose, a "natural religion much purer" than the Christianity which generally prevails.

But while the necessity of a heart-change in regard to this great crime is insisted upon, no one claims that the chief end of man is to be an Abolitionist. On the contrary, when Wendell Phillips said that "God did not send us into the world to abolish slavery, but to do our duty," the sentiment was received with universal applause by the adherents of our Society. As a general thing, abolitionism is insisted upon as a corollary from the accepted doctrines of the Christian religion. "What is that the Lord thy God doth require of thee but to *do justly*, to *love mercy* and to walk humbly with thy God"; therefore aid in the overthrow of slavery. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"; therefore try to abolish slavery. "Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows, in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world"; therefore it is your duty to be an Abolitionist.

This is abolitionism as its advocates generally understand it. This, so far as my opportunities of judging extend, is the *general* tenor of anti-slavery preaching. That there may be exceptions, is freely admitted. We have men of unhallowed as well as of sanctified temper in our ranks. Good men sometimes say wrong things, and wise men foolish ones. Our platform is free to all. Mr. Ballou says, "We are for having *all* express their honest convictions." He ought to be prepared, then, to hear things which in his judgment are "untrue and unjust"—which he can neither "accept, enjoy, endorse, nor seem to endorse"; and he ought to be prepared to hear these things expressed with all the intensity of feeling that may characterize those who utter them. A man who consents to full freedom of expression has no right to retire in disgust under the operation of his own rule. One who holds to general organization for the overthrow of an evil is not at liberty to pick his company. If Mr. Ballou may retire because he is disgusted or offended, so, for the same reason, may Mr. Garrison or Mr. Phillips, Mrs. Mott or Robert Purvis.

And why should we not resolve our Society into its original elements, and each one fall back on his individual efforts, after the manner proposed by our friend of Hopedale? Because common sense and all past experience teach us that it would not be best; that there is strength in combination; that the advantages of associative action greatly exceed the disadvantages. Therefore we hold on to our organization, enduring the evils for the sake of the good. It is best every way that we should; best for ourselves and best for the cause. Dissent is sometimes useful in teaching forbearance; contradiction has its benefits; and it does us no harm to be occasionally "disgusted." "Seeming to endorse" has a specious sound, but there is nothing in it, as on our platform. One man is not responsible for what another man says, nor, without his own consent, for what the Society does. Such is the nature, and the generally understood nature, of our organization. Membership of the American Anti-Slavery Society will injure no one's character; coöperation on its platform will be a drawback to no man's usefulness. Quite the contrary, as is easily demonstrable.

Mr. Ballou says:

"We find ourself in doubt whether to consider the anti-slavery platform a desirable resort for us, because of the increasing egotism, extremeism, exaggerationism, antagonism and contemptuous personality which we are obliged to witness. There has always been too much of these. Latterly there is more than ever."

The assertion contained in this last sentence is surely a mistake. It may be true of certain individuals or in certain localities, but it certainly cannot be predicated of the movement at large. From a faithful attendance at the meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the last twenty years, and from frequent opportunities of hearing and reading the speeches of its leading members here and elsewhere, I should have said, and before reading this article, without fear of contradiction, that there is less extravagance in the respects alluded to than there used to be, and that the tone of anti-slavery speeches and writings has, as a general thing, undergone a marked improvement. And this, I believe, is the general impression in this region, both among the friends and opponents of the anti-slavery movement.

But while differing from our friend as to the correctness of his facts and the propriety of the conclusion he would draw from them, all must concede that this article contains much wholesome and edifying truth. Rightly accepted, it cannot fail to do good. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be an excellent oil." But pray, friend Ballou, don't leave our ranks. The cause has need of you. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." I don't think we are nearly as warlike and venomous as you make us out to be, but still we are bad enough to need the antidote of your gentle spirit and peace-breathing doctrines. Don't desert us. M.

PERSONAL.

The Nashville Patriot rejoices that out of the 194 lecturers whose names were recently published in *The Tribune*, only three are from slaveholding States.

Frances D. Gage will soon give her lectures on Hayti and other subjects in Norristown and other places in Montgomery Co., Pa.

Joshua R. Giddings had his pocket picked of $30 at the Vermont State Fair at Burlington last week. A number of gentlemen immediately subscribed the amount, and gave it to him.

The Charleston Mercury says that the object of John Mitchel in going to France is to get Napoleon III. to "relax his opposition to the slave trade under the French flag, if not to legalize it."

Prof. Amasa McCoy, Secretary of the N. Y. State Temperance Society, and who is engaged upon a History of Temperance, has prepared a lecture entitled "Curious and Comic Phases in the History of Temperance," which he is to deliver in Albany and other cities.

Charles Mackay, having spoken disparagingly of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," is thus hit by *Punch*:

"The Idyls a rhymester asperses—
O Public, rejoice and be glad!
If he were not abusing good verses,
He'd be busily writing some bad."

Miss Mitchell, the Nantucket astronomer, has caused an observatory to be built for the accommodation of her new and beautiful telescope. She takes great delight in this instrument, and frequently passes the entire night in her observatory, watching the heavenly bodies. Her new telescope, which is a very powerful instrument, was presented to her by a few personal friends.

Prof. George Bush died at Rochester on Monday last, in his 63d year. He was known to many of our readers by his writings on religious and moral topics, and by his friendly interest in radical reforms. In a New Church (Swedenborgian) periodical, of which he was at one time the editor, he labored earnestly, though with small success, to arouse that religious denomination to a sense of its duty on the slavery question.

The name of Eliza A. Youmans (sister of Prof. Youmans, the distinguished chemist) was in the list of Lecturers published by us last week. In a note addressed to *The Tribune* she says:

"My name was appended to your published lecture-list last year by mistake, and I observe that the error is reproduced in your amplified invoice of speechifyers for the current season. As I am not of that guild, and as, judging from your formidable array of names, the supply seems to be fully up to the demand, I beg to be counted out. The mistake corrected, your prosaic 'eight' ladies falls to the magical number of 'seven,' and perhaps some anxious Committees may be saved a little trouble."

George F. Thompson, editor of the *Daily News*, the organ of Buchanan, "border ruffian" Democracy in this city, was violently assaulted in his office on Tuesday last, by Francis McCabe, a well-known Tammany Hall politician, who took offence at something that the *News* had said about him in connection with the scenes of violence exhibited at the State Democratic Convention lately held at Syracuse. The editor's nose was broken by a blow from Mr. McCabe. Wonder what he would now say if called upon to express an opinion of the Sumner outrage! Will his experience of "Bully Brooksism" teach him a wholesome lesson?

The death of Leigh Hunt, the venerable poet, was lately announced in the English papers. The friend of Coleridge, Byron, Lamb, Wordsworth, Shelley, Moore and Keats, he has written much that the world will not let die; but of all the productions of his muse, the simple allegory which we copy below is the greatest and the best. It will endure while the language in which it was written continues to be the vehicle of living thought and noble sentiment. Like the Lord's prayer or the Golden Rule, it cannot be too often repeated or made too familiar to the popular ear.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, like a lily in bloom,
An Angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names of those whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

The Rev. George W. Burnap, D.D., who lately died at Baltimore, is highly praised not only by the papers of his sect, but by the press generally. For thirty years he preached Unitarianism in a city which is one of the centres of the domestic slave trade, and where human flesh-marts stand in close proximity to temples dedicated in the name of Christ, and yet never once did he apply the gospel to that horrible iniquity. His brethren at the North seem not to be conscious that there was any important deficiency in his preaching! Dr. Bellows is anxious to draw a line of separation between the Unitarian denomination and such faithful preachers of righteousness as Theodore Parker and M. D. Conway; but we believe he has never expressed a desire to excommunicate those Unitarian ministers who preach in such a way as not to disturb the consciences of slaveholders and the traffickers in human flesh.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY

SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON, 1860.

IN a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous coöperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve and generous coöperation.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH P. REMOND,	ELIZA ANDREW.

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country, by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PARTIES AND THEIR PRINCIPLES: A Manual of Political Intelligence, exhibiting the Origin, Growth and Character of National Parties. With an Appendix, containing valuable General and Statistical Information. By ARTHUR HOLMES. Pp. 394. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume meets a want which must have been felt by all those who, at any time, have sought for authentic information respecting the origin and distinctive principles of the various political parties that have figured in the history of the United States. It brings together, in a compact and easily accessible form, a mass of facts with which every politician and every voter ought to be familiar, but which have hitherto been scattered over the whole field of American history. Beginning with a brief account of the Colonial Governments, and coming down to the present time, it gives a clear and intelligible account of all the political parties, both before and since the adoption of the Constitution, and of the principles and professions by which they have been distinguished. The record is impartially compiled from authentic documents, every party being allowed to define itself, as far as possible, by its own words and acts. A chapter is devoted to each Administration, from Washington to Buchanan, inclusive; so that the reader may see at a glance the nature and scope of party divisions at any period in the history of the Government. The various questions which have agitated the country from time to time are clearly described, and the action of the Government in respect to them carefully recorded. We are pleased to observe that the slavery question forms no exception to this remark. Indeed Mr. Holmes seems to have been particularly careful to note the attitude of parties and the action of the Government upon this subject, in all the phases in which it has been presented. A history (very brief) is given of the Ordinance of 1787; of the debates on slavery in Congress under the Administration of Washington; of the enactment of the first Fugitive Slave law in 1793; of the attempts (in 1804-5-6-7) to suspend the Ordinance of 1787; of the agitation attending the admission of Missouri to the Union; of the excitement created by the Anti-Slavery Movement under the Administration of Jackson, Van Buren and Tyler, and the action of the Executive and Congress in consequence thereof; of the struggle for the Annexation of Texas; of the Amistad case; of the Wilmot Proviso contest; of the Compromises of 1850, including the Fugitive Slave law; of the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas struggle, the assault on Sumner, the Dred Scott decision, &c. The platforms of the several parties in the elections of 1852 and 1856 are given in full.

The Appendix contains the Constitution of the United States; the Articles of Confederation; the Ordinance of 1787; a Chronological statement of the Time of Settlement of the Old States and the formation of their Constitutions; a similar statement as to the Territories and the period of their admission to the Union as States; a table showing the electoral votes for President and Vice-President from 1789 to 1856; a table showing the representation of the several States in Congress under the present apportionment; a table showing the popular vote for President in each State in 1856; a list of all the Cabinet officers from 1789 to 1856; a similar list of the Judges of the Supreme Court and the time of their appointment; also lists of Speakers of the House of Representatives and Presidents, *pro tem.*, of the Senate; a table showing the times of election and meeting of the Legislatures of the several States; the population of the States in 1850; the number of slaveholders in the several States; a table showing the area and comparative population of the several States; various statistics in regard to the public lands, and the literature and school funds of the several States.

A carefully prepared index enables the reader to turn readily to any topic upon which he seeks for information.

The author of this work was one of the Representatives of Cortland County in the last Legislature, wherein he ably and zealously supported the Personal Liberty bill. He is a young man, of fine abilities, rare industry, and unblemished personal character; and as earnest an Abolitionist as any man can be who does not see it to be his duty to repudiate the Constitution of the United States.

THE MEETING AT WEST CHESTER.—Our friends in Pennsylvania are counting on a large turnout at their State meeting. They have invited C. C. BURLEIGH, E. H. HEYWOOD, SAMUEL AARON, and several other able speakers, to be present and take part in the proceedings. The meeting is set down to commence at 10 o'clock, but it will probably not be fully organized till half past 10, at which time Miss Greenfield, better known as the "Black Swan," will sing her admirable piece, entitled "Pity the Slave." This is mentioned here that those who would not be disappointed may be there in time. We trust that our friends' hopes of the meeting may not be disappointed. The services of a phonographic reporter have been engaged to take down the proceedings.

WOKE UP THE WRONG PASSENGER.—A gentleman of Tennessee, the pastor of a slaveholding Church, wrote to Charles Howard Malcom, of Newport, R. I. (who, though a Baptist clergyman, yet does not seem to be, "as touching the law, a Pharisee"), concerning some denominational points, and received the following reply: "You seem to charge me with being somewhat latitudinarian concerning the eucharist. I confess I have such a disposition to prefer charity to creeds, and philanthropy to pharisaicalism, that I am willing to accept all those who fear God and work righteousness; and, indeed, that I am more than half inclined to fellowship an heretical Good Samaritan, rather than an orthodox Priest or Levite. Since you desire to have the eucharist guarded by the strongest denominational barriers, should you not also wish to have it so fenced as to exclude those who forget that all the law and the prophets hang on two commandments, one of which is, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself? If you are not willing to commune with unbaptized brother Zinzendorf, Wesley, or Wilberforce, ought you not to feel some hesitation in communing with baptized Mr. Negrotrader, or Slavedriver? If you insist on paying tithe of mint and anise and cummin, ought you to omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith? Verily, if your theological throat is so narrow that you have to strain at the gnat of unsectarian communion, how in the world do you manage to swallow such a camel, all laden with the sum of villanies, as American slavery?"

A PRETENDED LECTURER.—A man, who gives his name as Madison, is travelling over this county, representing himself as a gentleman from the South, and pretending to be an abolition lecturer. He is an entire stranger to our people, and is not provided with any recommendations. He travels on foot, and his seedy appearance and singular conduct create suspicions that he is partially insane, or is an impostor. He is very excitable, the least controversy with any one throwing him into a violent passion. He lectured at Mechanicsville on Tuesday evening, and at Pineville on Thursday evening, and, but for his wandering from his subject occasionally, it is said, his discourses were not so bad. He may be all right—but we are inclined to the belief that the man is insane. His story is that he was once a slaveholder, but freed all his slaves and sent them to Liberia. He was in Doylestown on Wednesday, but met with poor encouragement.—*Bucks County (Pa.) Intelligencer.*

The man here alluded to is a wretched impostor, who has given Abolitionists in various places a great deal of annoyance and trouble. His practice is to go among the friends of the slave, and, after imposing upon their credulity by claiming an intimate acquaintance with prominent friends of the cause, to take up contributions for his own benefit. Some months ago, he went to the town where the editor of this paper was born, and imposed upon the people by claiming him as an intimate friend. A meeting was appointed for him, and, though his lecture exposed the cause to much undeserved reproach, he succeeded in collecting considerable money. Abolitionists owe it to themselves and to their cause to do all that they honorably can to check the movements of such an adventurer.

GOV. HINCKS'S SPEECH on the Results of Emancipation, which occupies so large a portion of the first page, will repay a careful perusal. His high personal character and official position must inspire confidence in his testimony as to matters of fact, while his arguments will commend themselves as at once candid and conclusive.

MR. FURNESS'S DISCOURSE, "A Word to Unitarians," from which we give an extended extract this week, is a word in season for all the friends of truth and humanity, for which they will be grateful. We learn that the Rev. Mr. Longfellow, of Brooklyn, deemed the Discourse of such importance as to justify him in reading it entire to his congregation on the last Sunday.

REPLY TO ADIN BALLOU.—The reply of our Philadelphia Correspondent to the article we published last week from the pen of ADIN BALLOU we commend as a model of well-timed criticism and conclusive argumentation. We are sure it cannot fail to make a strong impression upon the mind of Mr. Ballou himself.

Summary.

"What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?" "Oh, any paradox church where the gospel is dispensed with."—*The Papers.*

A COMMON ERROR.—The Boston *Evening Gazette* says that it is a very common error, in the New England States, to believe that the term "creole" implies negro blood. As well, says the *Gazette*, might a Southerner think that the term "Yankee" implied a red skin!

HORACE MANN'S SUCCESSOR ELECTED.—Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham, has been elected unanimously as President of Antioch College, at a meeting of the Trustees on the 17th inst, seventeen out of nineteen members of the Board being present. The fall term of the College commenced on the 7th and from present appearances the numbers in past years will be fully maintained.

MEETINGS IN SALEM.—On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of last week, anti-slavery meetings were held in this place, which were addressed by Parker Pillsbury, Charles L. Remond, and Charles Langston. They were well attended, and by an interested auditory. Indeed, we do not remember to have seen of late so much interest manifested in the discussions of the various topics connected with the anti-slavery reform as was apparent in these meetings.—*A. S. Bugle.*

FROM HAYTI—MURDER OF THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER.—The brig Baltimore, Capt. Bly, from Port-au-Prince, arrived last night, bringing dates to the 5th inst. Among her passengers is Gen. Guirrere Propbite, ex-Minister of the interior for Hayti, and his son. The daughter of President Geffrard was shot dead, while sitting in her father's chair, from the Palace gardens, on the evening of the 3d inst. There was great excitement in consequence.

TAMPERING WITH SLAVES.—*New Orleans, Tuesday, Sept.* 13 1859.—The planters residing in the parish of Lafayette, in this State, having been seriously annoyed by outside persons tampering with their slaves, formed a Vigilance Committee, a few days since, and expelled a large number of obnoxious persons from the parish, after administering to them a severe punishment.

A decision has been rendered, in one of our District Courts, pronouncing the new statute forbidding free negroes from congregating with slaves, except under certain severe rules, to be constitutional.

A NOVELTY IN FASHION.—Among the novelties recently introduced in ladies' apparel is a new article of suspenders. They bear resemblance to those worn by gentlemen, except that they are made of delicate, white elastic fabric, with frilled edge, about one inch wide, and are attached to the skirt by buttons in like manner. We doubt not this invention will be generally adopted, with a view to relieve the waist of the unlimited burden which such habiliments necessarily produce. Reason and experience teach us that the old and absurd method, while followed, impairs the health, impedes locomotion, and tends to ill health.—*New York Express.*

JONATHAN WALKER, S. S.—This "bold seaman," of "thoughtful brow and grey," as described by Whittier, who, some years since, was imprisoned in a Southern jail, and earned the honorable title of Slave Stealer ("Slave Savior"), for his practical Christianity, is stopping in Hopedale (Mass.) for a season preparatory to the publication of a complete narrative of his life and adventures. We have examined a part of his manuscript, and think we see a prophecy of the future man of "the branded hand," in the events of his boyhood. His life is remarkable, and its relation to anti slavery and human rights should secure the attention of the friends of man. He has earned the right to speak! Let the WORLD hear him.—*Practical Christian.*

The Rochester Democrat has the following despatch relative to Shields, who was going to attempt a Sam Patch jumping feat at Niagara Falls:

"Shields, in company with a young man, named Andrew Frank, went in a boat to the scene of the intended exploit, for the purpose of making some explorations. Shields divested himself of his clothing, and swam from the shore to the middle of the river, to ascertain the strength and direction of the currents that prevail, and had proceeded some distance when he was caught in a whirlpool, from which he could not extricate himself. He called for Frank to bring the boat, but, before he could be reached, the unfortunate man was engulphed, and his late companion saw him no more. The body had not been found when our informant left Suspension Bridge last evening."

COLORPHOBIA IN PHILADELPHIA.—A few days since, a highly respectable yellow man, named Goines, brought a man named Barret, a passenger, before a jury for assault and battery, in forcibly ejecting him from a car in which he had taken a seat. Goines was told he might stand on the platform. The passenger, with brutal alacrity, volunteered to put him out, or rather to help at it. Judge Ludlow charged in the usual way, that the Company had the right to make rules excluding colored persons, and that the conductor was bound to enforce them. The jury found the defendant not guilty, but put the smart on him by ordering him to pay the costs, say about $30 for his superserviceable zeal.—*Phil. Cor. Tribune.*

A VIRGINIA CAMP-MEETING.—A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* says that a camp-meeting was held recently in Fairfax Co., Va., and that, immediately after the camp broke up, twenty-seven negroes were sold on the ground to some Southern traders! A mother and seven children were among the number. One of the men was on his knees engaged in prayer, when the trader who had purchased him stopped his mouth with his hand and handcuffed him. What a scene on a Methodist camp ground! To what depths are we sinking! Shade of Wesley, pity us! God of mercy, forgive us our great wickedness and deliver us speedily from all complicity with this abomination, which maketh so desolate!—W.—*Northern Independent.*

A SLAVER HOAX.—The Providence correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says:

"The statement published by the papers a week ago, to the effect that a Rhode Island vessel had landed a cargo of slaves in Florida, has proved to be a hoax, and the contract between Captain Wickham and parties on the African coast, for the delivery of negroes, is a fabrication. Some one has searched the custom-house reports of Newport, and ascertained that, in 1804, the year in which South Carolina opened the slave trade, there is an entry of the brig Favorite, Captain Wickham, and her clearance for the Cape de Verd Islands; and furthermore the family of Wickham in this State have since become extinct and of those who followed the sea, all of them were born previous to the Revolution. These facts seem to prove that this expedition is not of modern date; and if the said brig was ever engaged in the slave trade, it must have occurred at least fifty years ago."

A NEW POLITICAL PARTY.—A writer in the *Spiritual Age* proposes that the Spiritualists form a distinctive political party and nominate Judge Edmonds, Ex-Senator Tallmadge, or some other distinguished man among the believers. The editor of the *Age* endorses the movement. What the spiritual platform is to be, we are not informed, but it will probably be *immaterial*, and the business of such a party would necessarily be concerned about *foreign affairs*, having very little *material* to act upon this "side of Jordan." We think the gentlemen named are *spiritual* in more senses than one, and would be excellent nominations. It is but fair to state, however, that these writers propose the nominations merely to show their numbers. This would be a failure, for the many sensible Spiritualists in the country would not throw away their votes and peril other parties, which are of more importance in the affairs of this world, merely to make a show of numbers.—*Chester Co. (Pa.) Times.*

CHILDREN'S CONVENTION.—The Lancaster *Saturday Express*, in an editorial on the meeting of the little folks to come off at Longwood Pa., on Saturday, the first of October, says: "Perhaps the most popular institution among the little folks ever established in this country is the annual Children's Convention inaugurated by Joseph A. Dugdale, of Chester County, familiarly known as 'Uncle Joseph.' He began five years ago, and everybody who was at the first meeting saw that Uncle Joseph had struck a responsive chord in the hearts of a portion of humanity that had seldom been struck on the same key before. Before that, the old folks had enjoyed the monopoly of mass meetings and conventions but here was something the little folks could appreciate and enjoy—a convention of their own—a reunion of innocence and happiness of childhood unalloyed with the cares of business and the sorrows of life. Each successive year the Children's Convention has been growing more popular, and it is no longer a Chester County institution, the last one having been attended by a great many children and their parents from Lancaster County."

TOBACCO.—Meeting in Boston the indefatigable Geo. Trask, the first thing he did was to present his six shooter in the shape of a series of six illustrated anti-tobacco tracts for youth. All boys should read these tracts, so that if addicted to the weed they may see the ruinous consequences of this vile practice, or if as yet happily free from it, they may be confirmed in their habits of native temperance. He also handed out other tracts on "The Street Smoker"; "How shall I drop tobacco and not suffer death?" "An appeal to Rev. Dr. Spring on the evils of tobacco," as suggested by the display his tobacco-box made at the recent Tract Anniversary in New York; and a "Word to wives, and mothers, and sisters, on the evils of tobacco," which will please them all. These and any of the publications of the Anti-Tobacco Tract Depository can be had by addressing Rev. Geo. Trask, Fitchburg, Mass.

At the meeting of the General Association of New Hampshire it was stated that not a Congregational pastor in the State was in the habit of using tobacco. And in the discussion there upon aiding young men for the ministry, Dr. Badger said he was rejoiced to hear that the Association of Illinois had adopted it as a rule in their Committee's code for the disbursement of educational funds that no young man could receive aid who used tobacco. The announcement was received by the Association with the sensation of approval. The venerable Secretary also stated that in opening letters yet bearing the scent of tobacco, he had found that it would take about fifty dollars of their appropriation annually to meet this expense of a home missionary. And if it were not for treading on ecclesiastical toes he would be in favor of adopting a rule similar to that of the Chicago Seminary.—*Chicago Congregational Herald.*

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN CANADA.—About a month ago, an exceedingly good-looking colored woman, aged 23, escaped from her Southern mistress during a visit to Niagara Falls, and engaged as a servant at the Clifton House, on the Canada side. The former master of Sarah Jane, on the 3d inst aided by Shears, the keeper of the Clifton, made an attempt to get the woman back to slavery. Mr. Shears requested Sarah Jane to go to one of the cottages near the hotel, for the purpose of cleaning it, accompanying her himself to the door. As soon as she entered, she found, to her great consternation, her former master waiting to receive her. He locked the door put the key in his pocket, and then used every possible art to induce her to cross the river into the land of slavery. Every offer, however, was rejected, the woman preferring freedom to slavery, with all its promised advantages. He kept her imprisoned for some time, threatening violence if necessary to accomplish the re-enslavement of a free woman. Fortunately the colored waiters at the Clifton got an inkling of what was going on, and, on receiving no satisfaction from Mr. Shears, to whom they communicated their apprehensions, they broke the window where the woman was confined, rescued her from the Southerner, and sent her off to Toronto.

The Toronto *Globe* says the case of Sarah Jane is a very peculiar one.

"She was born a free woman in New York city, but, when only twelve years of age, was taken to Texas, where she was made a slave in the family of a Mr. Giddings, with whom, we believe, she has since lived. She longed for freedom, she says, and it has been providentially arranged that she should at length gain the boon. If Mr. Shears acted the disgraceful part attributed to him, he is exceedingly reprehensible. Surely such scenes as the above are fitted to convince the apologists of slavery that the *peculiar institution* is not the happy thing which they picture it, else we would not witness a poor helpless girl, resisting alike violence and bribes, casting herself upon strangers in a strange land, preferring liberty to all the sensual enjoyments which a wealthy slaveholder could offer."—*Cleveland Leader.*

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF LITERARY PEOPLE.—A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* gives the following pen-and-ink sketches of prominent literary people:

Emerson looks like a refined farmer, meditative and quiet. Longfellow like a good-natured beef-eater. Holmes like a ready-to-laugh little body, wishing only to be "as funny as he can." Everett seems only the graceful gentleman, who has been handsome. Beecher a ruddy, rollicking boy. Whittier the most retiring of Quakers. And thus I might name others. Not one of these gentlemen can be called handsome, unless we except Beecher, who might be a deal handsomer. Mrs. Sigourney, the grandmother of American "female" literature, in her prime (if we may believe her portrait) was quite handsome. Catherine Beecher is homely. Mrs. Beecher Stowe so ordinary in looks that she has been taken for Mrs. Stowe's "Biddy." Mrs. E. F. Ellet looks like a washerwoman. Margaret Fuller was plain. Charlotte Cushman has a face as marked as Daniel Webster's, and quite as strong. So has Elizabeth Blackwell. Harriet Hosmer looks like a man. Mrs. Oakes Smith is considered handsome. Mrs Julia Ward Howe has been a New York belle. Frances S. Osgood had a lovely, womanly face. Amelia F. Welby was almost beautiful. Sarah J. Hale, in her young days, quite, unless her picture fibs. The Davidson sisters, as well as their gifted mother, possessed beauty. If we cross the ocean, we find Madame de Stael was a fright; but Hannah More was handsome; Elizabeth Fry, glorious; Letitia Landon, pretty; Mrs. Hemans, wondrously lovely; Mary Howitt, fair and matronly; Mrs. Norton, regally beautiful; Elizabeth Barrett Browning in phisique is angular, and though she has magnificent eyes, her *face* is suggestive of a tombstone. Charlotte Bronte has a look in her eyes better than all beauty of features. But if we look at British men of first-class craniums—Shakspeare and Milton were handsome; Dr. Johnson was a monster of ugliness; so were Goldsmith and Pope; Addison was tolerably handsome; and Coleridge, Shelley, Byron Moore, Campbell, Burns, all were uncommonly so. Sir Walter Scott looked very ordinary, in spite of his fine head. Macaulay is homely. Bulwer nearly hideous, although a dandy. Charles Dickens is called handsome; but, covered with jewelry, he can but look like a simpleton.

HEBER KIMBALL GETTING VIOLENT.—The *Vally Tan*, Aug. 10, publishes a report of Heber C. Kimball's last harangue before the saints. That worthy apostle expressed himself somewhat strongly, as follows:

Send on your armies; they can do no harm. God will look after the welfare of this people, and shield them from all injury. Let your armies do their best—their "*purtiest*"—they can't effect anything.

I respect officials who will perform their official duties as they should, and leave the Mormon people alone; but how can I respect my enemies? How can I respect a judge who does his best to injure innocent people? I know what they want: they want to nab Brigham Young, and then they want me and others. They will nab him, too, when God wants them to; but God won't let them nab him, and they can't nab me (laughter). I fear them about as much as a pis-ant; not quite so much, either, for a pis-ant will bite my leg once in a while. I am the son of a revolutionary sire, who struggled for the liberty of this country, and am going to have religious freedom. I have always observed the laws, and mean to be protected by them in my religious belief the same as the people of New England are. As they treat us they will be treated. The United States will see something worse than we ever saw before fifteen years—see it from the head of the Government down. Famine upon famine, mob after mob, civil discord from one end of the country to the other, terrible whirlwinds, and swift destruction will be their certain doom.

This country has done some big fighting, but it can't beat Mormonism. There are 4 000 elders in foreign lands preaching Mormonism—nearly all foreigners. There are 40 or 50, or 60 organized quorums of Seventies. Suppose they kill all the members of this church but an elder. From that small seed our principles would again be given to the world, and our cause prosper like the Canada thistle. When they persecute us, it is like breaking a mustard stalk—the stroke only causes an increase, by more thoroughly scattering the seeds.

Speaking of thistles reminds me of a bright idea of Greeley's. He thought it would be a wise notion to sow Canada thistles all along the plains, between here and the States, to feed stock upon. Why, that would kill all the cattle with the bloody murrain, and prick us to death. So much for Greeley's judgment. What a fruitful imagination he must have? He is the greatest liar on the face of the earth. Why, bless your souls, he is the father of all liars. He will go to hell, and be the father of liars there. Amen ("Amen" sounding throughout the congregation).

Special Notices.

☞ CHILDREN'S MEETING AT LONGWOOD.—Seventh day, the first of Tenth month, 10 o'clock, a. m., is the time finally appointed for the Children's Meeting at Longwood.

☞ OHIO YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.—The Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress will hold its next meeting at FAIRMOUNT, four miles south of Alliance, Ohio, commencing October 1st, 1859, and to continue probably three days.

Without regard to creeds, confessions of faith, sects, orthodoxy or infidelity, caste, sex, color or condition, enemies as well as friends of religious, moral and intellectual progress are invited to meet and coöperate together for the welfare and development of mankind. Several speakers have already expressed their intention to be present.

RACHEL WHINERY, } *Clerks.*
ISAAC TRESCOTT.

Advertisements.

FURNITURE.—Purchasers are respectfully invited to call at the Cabinet Warerooms of Scott & Heacock No. 148 North Ninth street, below Race, Philadelphia.

Spring and Hair Mattresses made to order. Repairing, Varnishing Upholstering, &c., &c. All orders promptly attended to.

THE BANKSDALE BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS will be reopened the 14th of 11th mo., and be continued twenty weeks. The course of study will comprise the usual English branches and Drawing. Terms, $60. For further information apply for circulars to ELIZA HEACOCK, Jenkintown Post-office, Montgomery County, Pa.

CARD.—ANNA M. LONGSHORE POTTS, M. D. Practising Physician, No 661 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa. All cases in Medicine and Surgery treated with the most approved remedies, and most modern aids and appliances known to the science. Especial attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of women and children.

WANTED.—A complete set of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, from the commencement to the present time, for which a liberal price will be paid. Address WM. STILL, 107 North-Fifth St., Philadelphia.

Now Ready, Price Twenty Cents.

THREE DISCOURSES ON THE RELIGION OF REASON. By GERRIT SMITH. With a letter to WILLIAM GOODELL. Orders supplied by ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau street, New York.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting for 1859 for sale at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Price 15 cents. Persons sending 6 3ct. stamps to Oliver Johnson, 5 Beekman street, New York, will receive a copy post-paid.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.
WITH IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS.
THE GREAT ECONOMIZER OF TIME AND PRESERVER OF HEALTH.
Office No. 505 Broadway, New York.

It is found by accurate experiment that the stitching of a shirt, requiring by hand 13 hours and 31 minutes, can be done by this machine in 1 hour and 5 minutes. Other work is done with equal facility.

The lock stitch made by this machine is the only stitch that cannot be ravelled, and that presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre.

GOOD NEWS.—[From The Christian Advocate and Journal]—A reduction in the price of Sewing Machines is announced in our advertising columns. Their utility is established beyond question, and at the present prices we see no reason why they should not be found, as they ought to be, in every household. Several varieties are manufactured, adapted to various purposes. So far as public opinion has been formed and uttered, the preference is emphatically accorded to the Wheeler & Wilson machine for family use, and for manufacturers in the same range of purpose and material. During the past year the trials were numerous, and all the patents of any pretension were brought fairly into competition. In every case the Wheeler & Wilson machine won the highest premium. We may instance the State Fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Virginia, Michigan, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri and California, and the Fairs in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Richmond and San Francisco. At the Fair of the St. Louis Mechanical Association, the Examining Committee was composed of twenty-five ladies of the highest standing, who, without a dissenting voice, awarded for the Wheeler & Wilson Machine the highest and only premium, a Silver Pitcher, valued at $75. If these facts do not establish a reputation, we know not what can.

We prefer them for family use.—Tribune.
They are the favorites for ladies.—Times.
It has no rival.—Scientific American.
Works more uniformly than the hand.—Herald.
Equal to nine seamstresses.—Home Journal.
An almost perfect instrument.—Evening Post.
The machine for family use.—Advocate and Journal.
We cannot imagine anything more perfect.—Evangelist.
Most honorable to American genius.—Independent.
Will give entire satisfaction.—Observer.
The best ever invented.—Christian Inquirer.
A triumph of mechanical genius.—Ure's Dictionary.
In looking for the best, see these.—Examiner.
Indispensable in every family.—The Preacher.
We praise it with enthusiasm.—Christian Intelligencer.
A swift-fingered sister of charity.—S. S. Advocate.
Worthy of the highest award.—Sabbath Record.
It surpasses all others.—Ladies' Repository.
A benefaction of the age.—Putnam's Monthly.
It is an American Institution.—Knickerbocker.
A complete success.—National Magazine.
Magical in operation.—Mrs. Stephens's Monthly.
It is eminently superior.—Dictionary of Mechanics.
Beyond all question, *the* machine.—Life Illustrated.
The stitch cannot be unravelled.—Am. Agriculturist.
They maintain the pre-eminence.—Express.
Saves the time and health of ten women.—Water Cure.
Our household is in ecstacies with it.—Porter's Spirit.
Its superiority is unquestioned.—Freeman's Journal.
Its superiority is obvious.—Household Words.
Hand sewing cannot equal it.—The Tablet.
Supply the fashionable world.—Daily News.
Are pre-eminently superior.—Ladies' Visitor.
One of the household gods.—U. S. Journal.
Unrivalled in every quality.—Day Book.
It has no superior.—Dispatch.
Pretty, useful, magical.—Leslie's Gazette.
Have no equal in family use.—Musical World.
The best suited for sewing.—Mining Journal.
Combine every requirement.—Family Magazine.
It combines every essential.—Living Age.
Vastly superior to all others.—Golden Prize.
We entirely prefer them.—Mother's Journal.
We cannot tire in its praise.—New Yorker.

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN, 200 Mulberry street, New York.
Being in constant receipt of inquiries from our brethren respecting Sewing Machines, with requests to recommend and purchase, we have, in connection with some lady friends, carefully and thoroughly examined the various machines of practical value for family sewing, and find those made by THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 505 Broadway, New York, to fully combine the essentials of a good instrument, and such as we can confidently recommend.

Having seen so favorable results from their use in our own and the households of our friends, we are desirous that their benefits should be shared by all our brethren, and hence have interested ourselves in their behalf.

With best wishes, your brethren,

ABEL STEVENS,	THOMAS CARLTON,
JAMES FLOY,	J. PORTER,
DANIEL WISE,	J. BENJ. EDWARDS,
DAVID TERRY,	WM. H. COX.

I find your machine invaluable. I have used it for a year, and it has never been out of order. The stitch is very durable, and can be adapted to fine or coarse materials. It works with the rapidity of a dozen hands; saves much time, fatigue and expense. One of your machines is used in my father's family, another in the household of a sister; and others by various friends. The opinions of all accord with that I have just expressed. MRS. ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Of it we can speak with entire clearness and confidence, after the use of one four years or more in our family. We look upon it as one of the benefactors of the age, and one which will constitute an era in the history of woman. MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Mrs. Vinton desires me to express to you her entire satisfaction with your Sewing Machine. I may add that, judging from the frequency of the rapid tick of this machine, it promotes both industry and pleasure. My purse bears witness that the Sewing Machine, among its other excellencies, is a household economy.
REV. DR. FRANCIS VINTON.

Your admirable Needlewoman is the only seamstress that defies extortionate men. They cannot cheat it, nor starve it, nor deprive it of its sleep, nor tire it out, nor make its hands weary. It is a worker that is a match for the most unwearied and avaricious manufacturer. At last I am thankful that there is a Machine Woman that cannot be oppressed or kept in suffering.
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I take pleasure in saying that your Sewing Machine purchased of you by me has been wholly serviceable.
REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D.

I regard it as the best instrument I have seen, for neatness, variety, rapidity and beauty of performance. Its introduction among the families of our land will be a benefaction and a blessing to mothers and daughters. REV. D. G. ABBOTT, Spingler Institute.

There is but one Sewing Machine, and that is Wheeler & Wilson's.
JUDGE MEIGS, of the American Institute.

The most practical invention adapted to common use.
Com Mechanics' Institute, Baltimore.

It will work as great a change in the family as railways have in the States. HON. N. P. BANKS.

The machine has given the highest satisfaction. It is, indeed, a household treasure. It runs with ease and velocity, makes a beautiful stitch, and has not once got out of repair.
T. S. ARTHUR, Arthur's Home Mag.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

ELECTION NOTICE.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ALBANY, August 31, 1859.

TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK—SIR: Notice is hereby given that, at the GENERAL ELECTION to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to-wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of Gideon J. Tucker;
A Comptroller, in the place of Sanford E. Church;
An Attorney-General, in the place of Lyman Tremain;
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van R. Richmond;
A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Alexander S. Johnson;
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Russel F. Hicks;
All whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also a Justice of the Supreme Court for the First Judicial District, in the place of James J. Roosevelt, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also Senators for the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Senate Districts, comprising the County of New York.

COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.

Seventeen Members of Assembly;
Two Justices of the Superior Court, in the place of John Slosson and James Moncrief;
One Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Charles P. Daly;
One Justice of the Marine Court, in the place of Albert A. Thompson;
All whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to chap 271 of Laws of 1859, a copy of which is printed herewith, for instructions in regard to their duties under said act, "submitting to the people a law authorizing a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to provide for the payment of the floating debt of the State."

CHAPTER 271.

AN ACT TO SUBMIT TO THE PEOPLE A LAW AUTHORIZING A LOAN OF TWO MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, TO PROVIDE FOR THE PAYMENT OF THE FLOATING DEBT OF THE STATE, PASSED APRIL 13, 1859, THREE-FIFTHS BEING PRESENT.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1 The Commissioners of the Canal Fund are hereby authorized to borrow on the credit of the State two million five hundred thousand dollars, at a rate not exceeding six per cent. per annum, and reimbursable at such periods as shall be determined by the said Commissioners, not exceeding eighteen years from the time of making such loan. All the provisions of law in relation to loans made by the Commissioners of the Canal Fund, and the issue and transfer of certificates of stock, shall apply to loans authorized by this act, so far as the same is applicable.

SEC. 2 The money realized by such loan shall be applied exclusively to the payment of claims against the State not otherwise provided for, for works done on the Canals of the State, and for private property appropriated by the State for the use of such canals, and for injury to private property growing out of the construction of the canals, or to the payment of the principal and interest of such loan, and for no other purpose whatever.

SEC 3. Two million five hundred thousand dollars is hereby appropriated to be paid out of the Treasury, on the warrant of the Auditor of the Canal Department, from the said moneys, within two years from the time when this act shall take effect, for the payment of claims against the State, specified in the last preceding section, and for the interest on the loan authorized by this act, which shall become payable prior to the receipt into the treasury of the first annual tax, hereinafter directed to be levied and collected, for the payment of the interest and principal of the loans authorized by this act; but any sum applied to pay interest as aforesaid may be refunded out of the proceeds of the said taxes when received into the Treasury.

SEC 4. An annual tax is hereby imposed, and shall be levied and collected in the same manner as other State taxes are levied and collected, sufficiently to pay the interest and redeem the principal of the loan hereby authorized, within eighteen years from the time of the contracting thereof. The Comptroller shall ascertain and determine what sum, being applied in payment of principal and interest, in the first year after the tax can be collected as aforesaid, and in each succeeding year thereafter, within the period of eighteen years from the time of contracting said loan, will be sufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal of said loan within said period of eighteen years; and shall in each year apportion the sum so required among the several counties of this State, according to the then last corrected assessment rolls returned to his office, and shall give notice of such apportionment to the Boards of Supervisors of the respective counties. It shall be the duty of the Boards of Supervisors of the respective counties to cause the amount so apportioned in each year to be levied, collected and paid to the Treasurer of this State, in the same manner as other State taxes. The money collected and paid into the Treasury under this section shall constitute a sinking fund, to pay the interest and redeem the principal of the loan contracted pursuant to this act, and shall be sacredly applied to that purpose; and if at any time the sinking fund shall be insufficient to comply with the requirements of this section, the Comptroller shall increase the sum thereafter to be levied and collected by tax in each year, so as to make the fund adequate to the purpose aforesaid.

SEC. 5. The fourth section of this act, imposing a tax, may be repealed whenever the revenues of the canals, after meeting all present constitutional charges upon them shall amount to enough to form a sinking fund sufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal of all loans within the eighteen years mentioned in the first section of this act.

SEC. 6. This act shall be submitted to the people of this State at the next general election, and the votes given for its adoption shall be indorsed "Constitutional Loan," and shall be in the following form: "For a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State," and "Against the loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State." The inspectors of the several election districts of this State shall provide a separate box, in which the ballots given in pursuance of this act shall be deposited. The ballots shall be canvassed and returned, and the result shall be determined and certified in the same manner as votes given for the office of Governor of this State. If a majority of the votes cast pursuant to this act shall be "For a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State," then the preceding sections of this act shall take effect; but if the majority of the votes so cast shall be "Against a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State," then the said sections shall not take effect, but be inoperative.

Very respectfully,
GIDEON J. TUCKER, Secretary of State.

CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
NEW YORK, August 31, 1859.

I hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the original notice received by me from the Secretary of State, and now on file in this office. JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

All the proprietors of public newspapers of the city and county of New York are herewith requested to publish the above once in each week until the election, and cause their bills for said publication to be sent to the Board of Supervisors for payment.
JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

Dated at New York, August 31, 1859.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

SAMSON.

To Dagon's blood-stained temple throng
Philistia's brave and fair,
In veil, and tiar, and festive robe,
In gold and jewels rare.

Dagon demands a sacrifice,
And wine must freely flow;
They deem their idol snared for them,
Their hated, bitter foe.

The wine has flowed, the feast has palled;
Then shout that pagan court,
"Bring hither Samson from his mill,
That he may make us sport!"

They brought him, blind and prison-stained,
Stooping and soul-subdued;
Waiting his captor's proud commands,
Gaza's great hero stood.

* * * * * * * *

He made them sport, while young and old
Peered from the temple's roof,
With jeer and jibe, and mocking laugh,
Taunt, menace, and reproof.

Then woke the slumbering soul within—
Then rose the hero's pride;
He raised his hands and face to heaven,
And thus, in anguish, cried:

"O, Israel's God, look down on me,
Groping in endless night!
Restore me once—his only once—
My squandered, youthful might!"

He seized the pillars, right and left,
And all the giant bowed—
Down, down the pondrous ruin crushed
On Dagon's shrieking crowd.

He heard the pagans' dying cry,
And mid his anguish smiled,
Then died; but o'er his mangled corse
A hecatomb was piled.

But thou, great champion of the North,
A better fate is thine,
For thou shalt *see* the blood-stained priests
Crushed by their fallen shrine.

The temple totters to its base,
The idol waits its doom!
Its head of brass and feet of clay
Bend to their ready tomb.

Concord, Mass.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. VIII.

"Now, I tell you, Peter, them ar niggers is gwine to be found out, kotched an' brung back."

Aunt Polly said this, as she entered the cabin where Uncle Peter sat smoking away at his old pipe.

"Who tole you so, Polly?"

"Why, Peter, Lord love you, I hear masser a-talkin' to 'em about it, an' he says he's done gone an' got Tom Hynes an' his men sot on thar track, and then they's kotched as clar as guns."

"Humph!" muttered the old man, and smoked away at his pipe. His wife knew that it was not worth while to ply him with further talk, so she set about furbishing up her pans and arranging the scanty furniture of her cabin. It was Saturday afternoon, and she said that she must "fix up for Sunday." What a blessed and beneficent institution in the slave's life is the Sabbath! The pleasant sunshiny afternoon was drawing to a close, and the quarter looked unusually cheerful. Each little grass-plat in front of the cabins had been carefully swept. Two or three of the negroes were dancing, while an old man played upon a fiddle. Over by a broken fence, and upon an old topple-down keg, which had been used for an ash-bucket, was seated the negro girl Ruth, engaged in an apparently interesting *tete-à-tete* with Daniel, the dining-room servant. She practised, in an humble and grotesque way, all those blandishments of manner that render the city belle so attractive. Negro women, old and middle-aged, sat out in front of their respective cabins, darning socks or patching old clothes for Sunday wear, while a group of half-dressed boys played marbles, and our little Pomp, in the rear of one of the cabins, but within hearing of the music (if music it was which came from feeble, untaught hands and broken bow), had a private dance all to himself. His motions were quite remarkable, and would no doubt have greatly startled a French dancing-master. Though not such graceful pirouettes or such dexterous vaulting as we have witnessed upon the stage, still, his leapings and twirls were admirable, if it were only for their accurate regard of time. His body seemed a musical instrument in perfect tune. As he danced, he accompanied himself with a unique song, the chorus of which we give for its very oddity:

"Jump up, Ginny, with your booties on,
Three or four yards of calico."

The boy seemed to be in the very rapture of enjoyment. His eyes sparkled, and his shining brown face literally ran over with mirth and frolicsomeness.

Scenes of animal life and enjoyment such as these—little gleams of sunshine and pleasure in a world of blight—form the basis upon which certain wiseacres build up a wondrous superstructure of argument in favor of slavery!

When the fun was at its highest, Madge Vertner, like a visiting angel, passed through the "quarter." She was dressed in white, with a few blue ribbons fluttering about her arms, neck and waist, while her straw hat sat jauntily upon her head, and the brown curls, thrown back from her face, swept over her neck and shoulders. Of course she was followed closely by her companion, Rover.

The dancers did not stop—the frolic did not halt for a moment. "Miss Madge" was no stranger to them, no stiff, exacting visitor, only a higher inspiration to increased pleasures. As they skipped, shuffled and danced along, their black, shiny faces looked happier for the coming of young mistress. As she passed gayly through, she had a word for each—some patronizing comment upon the dance, some joke to give vent to. When she came to an old or a sick slave, she made a kind inquiry after his health, or proposed some nice little remedy which he could get by sending to the house; or, she drew from her pocket a little roll of tea, sugar, or some such luxury, which she gave to him; and so her visits were always welcome. Pomp spied her, and, forgetting both his song and jig, rushed up to her, extending his hand, and cried out—

"Please, Miss Madge."

"What, sir?" and she knocked off his hand with a small stick. "What is it you want?"

"Please, ma'am, some of that 'ar."

"What?" and she held out her two empty hands.

"Some dat 'ar you's givin' Uncle Ned."

"Uncle Ned is sick, and I brought him a little parcel of tea and sugar."

"Please, ma'm, give me some sugar."

"Why, you are not sick."

The boy paused a moment; then, assuming a serious expression, said:

"Yes, miss, I'se sick—I'se had headache in my back fur long time."

"The headache in your back!—how is that?"

"Why, you see, Miss Madge, Uncle Ned say de headache is de worst of misery, an' I knows I'se got de worst of dem 'ar in my back." Suiting the action to the words, he put his hand upon his back, and began to distort his face.

"Come, now, Pomp, no 'possuming," said an old negro.

"No, I feels de pain, I does; I 'clar' I does."

Madge laughed heartily, saying, "Well, Pomp, you are such a good actor that I suppose I must give you a cake"; and she threw him a ginger-bun, and continued her walk. For a moment she paused to look at Daniel and Ruth, smiling half pleasantly, half contemptuously, as she looked. Pomp, the cunning rascal, who, like Rover, loved to follow his Miss Madge, remarked:

"Them's sparking over dar, Miss Madge"; and with this he ran his tongue out, rolled up his eyes, snapped his fingers, and ran off.

Ruth was the first to see Madge, and, with an affectation of timidity, she began to hang her head and turn away from Daniel. Seeing this, Madge, who at times was the very incarnation of Frolic, bethought herself of a little plan for teasing the lovers.

"Now, Ruth," she cried, "what are you doing there—idling your time? Don't you know mamma wants you? And as for you, Dan, I think you had better be about your work in the dining-room. It must be near tea time; get away to your work."

Without specially heeding her assumed tone of command, Daniel began to vindicate himself, with an air of true manliness.

"Yer see, Miss Madge, 'tain't near tea time as yet; my dinin'-room work is all done up; it's Saturday evening time, when we all takes rest and play. I doesn't see as how Ruthy an' me is a-doin' any harm when we has a little quiet talk 'long of ourselves; an' I'se sure, Miss Madge, as how you'd be the last one as would want to be a-interferin' wid us."

"But, Daniel," said Madge, trying very hard to look stern, "how do I know that you and Ruth are not forming some plan to run off? You see you all need to be watched, and we have a right to be suspicious of two persons who are standing off talking in a low voice to themselves."

"What does yer suspect of us, Miss Madge?" The youthful lover looked curious. Ruth began to twist her body about, pull at her fingers, and look as awkward as possible.

"Laws, now, Miss Madge, an' didn't you hear noffin of what Danel has bin a sayin' to me? I does declar', 'tis orful foolish like, an' I wan't no ways listenin' to it."

"Well, what did he say, Ruth?" inquired Madge.

"'Taint no kind o' use, Miss Madge, to be a-tellin' of yer all his foolish talk, but you see as how Danel, he—well, Miss Madge, Danel, he—Danel, he—"

Ruth broke down for want of feminine courage. Madge, with a predeterminate wish for fun, continued:

"Well, Ruth, Danel, he—what?"

"Laws, Miss Madge"—the girl began to interlock her fingers, bend her head still lower, work her toe into the ground, and writhe her body like a serpent. "Danel, he—pshaw! Danel, he—axed—Danel——pshaw! Danel, you say it yerself." And she darted off to hide herself in one of the cabins.

"Come, Daniel," said Madge, in a jocose tone, "can't you tell me about it?"

"Well, yer see, Miss Madge, yer see as how I'd like to do what you wishes me to, but I kinder feels as how I'd rather not, specially as I ain't spoke to Ruthy on de subject."

"Oh, then, I don't care to know," replied Madge; and, whistling to her dog, she walked off in the direction of Uncle Peter's cabin. On arriving there, she received a hearty welcome from the humble occupants.

"Laws, now, Miss Madge, an' ain't us glad to see you?" said Aunt Polly, as she stopped rubbing her tin pan and set forth the best chair for Miss Madge. "Now, take a seat, an' rest yer pretty self in this ar' dirty ole cabin. I 'clars I'm shamed o' myself to be all in suds so late of Saturday even'. Things ar'n't fit fur de like of you, Miss Madge."

"Don't make any more apologies, Aunt Polly; everything is as clean as possible, you know."

The old negro woman broke out into a hearty laugh, for she was well aware that the cabin was clean. She had been too hard at work upon it not to know the fact, but it is etiquette with slaves to depreciate everything they do, or that is their own.

Madge took the old split-bottom chair which Aunt Polly had wiped off with the dust-mop and set out for her, and, seating herself near Uncle Peter, began to talk with him. After lightly touching upon several subjects, such as the old man's rheumatism, the crops, &c., she ventured to ask if anything had been heard of the fugitives. Uncle Peter shook his head.

"I doesn't know, young missy, but I s'poses as how, if dey reached de river an' crost, dat dar ain't much hope of trailin' 'em. Dey does say a show 'tis mighty diffikilt to ketch 'em on toder side. Yer see, over dar in Indiany, dem 'lishionists hopes 'em heap—dat is what dey say."

"Who are them 'lishionists?" asked Madge.

"Ah, honey," exclaimed Aunt Polly, "dem's de mean ole dirty white folks dat hopes to steal niggers from dar rightful masters, an' den sells 'em down de river, an' puts de money right into dar own pockets. I wishes now dat de dogs would git arter dem 'ar—dat's what I wish, I does; an' I tell Peter so toder night." To enforce this assertion, she struck her hand violently against the bottom of a tin pan which she had been polishing, and gave a defiant shake of the head, as much as to say, Who can gainsay that threatening wish?

"Oh, Polly, you go 'long; what does you know 'bout dis here? You jist talks crazy like; nigger wimmin is got no bisness a-talkin' 'bout sich things. Yer jist look arter yerself, an' see dat you doesn't be a-doin' no sich tricks, an' leave de rest to de Lord. He knows well enuff how to punish 'em dat offends him, an' He don't want none of yer help."

"But, Uncle Peter, what do you mean by helping the Lord. Oughtn't we to help do His work by living up to what He tells us is right? Don't we all help Him in this way?" Madge's theology always cropped out when she talked with Uncle Peter.

"Ah, now," said Uncle Peter, as he knocked a few ashes off his clay pipe and rolled up his old blear eyes with an expression of comical reverence, "'pears to me, young missy, as if none on us would hope Him any how; when we does good, we ain't a sarvin' of Him, but our own selves. Ain't we a-strivin' for dat 'ar home of de New Jerusalem? ain't we a-doin' of de right way to git a home up dar? De Lord, he doesn't want us—what is we to He? Dar He done set on dat great golden throne from de beginnin' of time, an' dar He am a-gwine to set 'out'er any hope from us. We sarves Him bekase He is a good Master, an' we wants to find a good home longer Him, or else be sole down dar (pointing downwards), to de ole bad fellow."

Madge recognized, though in a different dress, the usual and accepted style of religious reasoning. What if it did not altogether agree with her fresh and original views? What if she thought there was a question of the beauty and faith of that service which is only rendered with a hope of reward? What if it appeared to carry with it too strongly the odor of the world-spirit, and to lack the disinterested heart-glow which her simple nature accorded to religion? She did not speak—durst scarcely entertain views which so clashed with the sermons that were poured down each Sunday from a purple velvet-cushioned pulpit, by a reverend man in a black gown. Madge was not wont to confuse her mind with thought or speculation; she had been too active and happy for that; but one cannot live long among that lowly but suggestive negro race without finding, at least, his imagination wonderfully accelerated. The immortality of the soul forms one of the chief subjects of conversation in the slave cabins. To that beautiful and untried Hereafter they direct all their thoughts, aspirations and fancies. Their conversion to religion is always signalized by some wonderful trance, in which special revelations are made to them. An old negro man, whose all-embracing love was sufficiently strong to "cast out fear," once declared that he had been to heaven, and there beheld Satan, pardoned of his ancient offences, and, with crown upon his brow, seated upon the right hand of God; "for, dear," added the simple old man, "de Lord he ain't gwine to stay mad with nobody forever."

Madge Vertner went too frequently to the quarter, sat too often in the cabins, and listened too long to the spiritual experiences of the old negroes, not to be impressed thereby; and now, as she walked back to the house, she debated with herself that profound question of "free agency." "How queer that I should be expected to work and help God, if all things are foreordained! Plainly I see with Uncle Peter that I can do nothing; God is all-powerful; and yet I *must* do right. How is this?" She looked puzzled. "Oh, well, I'll ask Dr. Doremus—he can tell me." And so, in her old way, she put the question out of her mind.

THE PREACHING OF DR. CHANNING.

From "TRUMPS," by G. W. CURTIS, in Harper's Weekly.

WHEN our friends entered the church, a slow, solemn voluntary was playing upon the organ. The congregation sat quietly in the pews. Chairs and benches were brought to accommodate the increasing throng. Presently the house was full. The bustle and distraction of entering were over—there was nothing heard but the organ.

In a few moments a slight man, wrapped in a black silk gown, slowly ascended the pulpit stairs, and, before seating himself, stood for a moment looking down at the congregation. His face was small, and thin, and pale; but there was a pure light, an earnest, spiritual sweetness in his eyes—the irradiation of an anxious soul—as they surveyed the people. After a few moments the music stopped. There was perfect silence in the crowded church. Then, moving like a shadow to the desk, the preacher, in a voice that was in singular harmony with the expression of his face, began to read a hymn. His voice had a remarkable cadence, rising and falling with yearning tenderness and sober pathos. It seemed to impart every feeling, every thought, every aspiration of the hymn. It was full of reverence, gratitude, longing and resignation:

"While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled."

When he had read it and sat down again, Hope Wayne felt as if a religious service had already been performed.

The simplicity and fervor and long-drawn melody with which he had read the hymn apparently inspired the choir with sympathy, and after a few notes from the organ they began to sing an old familiar tune. It was taken up by the congregation until the church trembled with the sound, and the saunterers in the street outside involuntarily ceased laughing and talking, and, touched by some indefinable association, raised their hats and stood bareheaded in the sunlight, while the solemn music filled the air.

The hymn was sung, the prayer was offered, the chapter was read; then, after a little silence, that calm, refined, anxious, pale, yearning face appeared again at the desk. The preacher balanced himself for a few moments alternately upon each foot—moved his tongue, as if tasting the words he was about to utter—and announced his text: "Peace I leave with you: my peace I give unto you."

He began in the same calm, simple way. A natural, manly candor certified the truth of every word he spoke. The voice—at first high in tone, and swinging, as it were, in long, wave-like inflections—grew gradually deeper, and more equally sustained. There was scarcely any movement of the hands or arms; only now and then the finger was raised, or the hand gently spread and waved. As he warmed in his discourse a kind of celestial grace glimmered about his person, and his pale, thoughtful face kindled and beamed with holy light. His sentences were entirely simple. There was no rhetoric, no declamation or display. Yet the soul of the hearer seemed to be fused in a spiritual eloquence which, like a white flame, burned all the personality of the speaker away. The people sat as if they were listening to a disembodied soul.

But the appeal and the argument were never to passion, or prejudice, or mere sensibility. Fear and horror, and every kind of physical emotion, so to say, were impossible in the calmness and sweetness of the assurance of the Divine presence. It was a Father, whose peace was inherited, whose message the preacher brought. Like as a father who pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth His children, said he, in tones that trickled like tears over the hearts of his hearers, although his voice was equable, and unbroken. He went on to show what the children of such a Father must needs be; to show that, however sinful and wandering and lost, yet the Father had sent to tell them that the doctrine of wrath was of old times; that the eye for the eye and the tooth for a tooth was the doctrine of an imperfect knowledge; that a faith which was truly child-like knew the Creator only as a parent; and that out of such faith alone arose the life that was worthy of him.

Wandering princes are we! cried the preacher, with a profound ecstacy and exultation in his tone, while the very light of heaven shone in his aspect—wandering princes are we, sons of the Great King. In foreign lands outcasts and forlorn, grovelling with the very swine in the mire, and pining for the husks that the swine do eat; envying, defying, hating, forgetting—but never hated nor forgot; in the depths of our rage and impotence and sin—in the darkest moment of our moral death, when we would crucify the very image of that Parent who pities us—there is one voice deeper and sweeter than all music, the voice of our elder brother pleading with that common Father—"Forgive them, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

He sat down, but the congregation did not move. Leaning forward, with upraised eyes glistening with tears, and beaming with sympathy, with hope, with quickened affection, they sat motionless, seemingly unwilling to destroy the holy calm in which with him they had communed with their Father. There were those in the further part of the church who did not hear, but their mouths were open with earnest attention, their eyes glittered with moisture; for they saw afar off that slight, rapt figure, and so strong was the common sympathy of the audience that they seemed to feel what they could not hear.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MY YOUNGEST SISTER.

PUT by your work, dear mother, it is too late to see;
And the twilight is so beautiful, come to the porch with me.
To-night strange thoughts and memories have in my heart had birth;
Come out, and I will show to you the sweetest thing on earth.
The rosy light is fading fast behind the western hill,
But one soft cloud of paly gold is floating in it still;
It fades, it fades, so fair a thing must needs as fleeting be,
And something fairer than the cloud I brought you here to see.

A single star is peeping out between the Linden boughs,
It flickers through the dancing leaves—now calmly bright it glows—
Serene in tranquil beauty, it sits alone on high,
The first and loveliest of the gems that deck the evening sky.
The cloud will never glow again, the star is shining on,
And ages hence will shine as now, when our pale fires are done.
How lovely in its loveliness! How glorious in its light!
But a brighter thing than that, mother, I'll show to you to-night.

How softly through the garden the wind is sighing on!
Among the swaying pine-tops it makes a plaintive moan.
The Linden leaves were rustling, but now they all are still,
And I hear the distant falling of the water at the mill:
All mournfully, perchance, might fall upon a stranger's ear
That old familiar music I've loved so long to hear;
And in its twilight shadows, our fair home might not be
To such the earthly Paradise it ever seems to me.

For it is always beautiful, in morning's golden glow,
Or when beneath the starlight it sleeps serene as now;
When the snowy wreaths of winter have feathered every spray,
Or in the deep green shadows of the long summer day;
When the yellow leaves of Autumn are dropping from the bowers,
Or the breeze of May is laden with the flying Locust flowers.
There is no other spot on earth that I could love so well,
But even than my home, mother, there is something dearer still.

Look down into the garden—look lower—lower yet,
Where by the purple Lilac the garden bench is set.
See you who leans upon it with such a careless grace?
Ah, now she has put back her curls and you can see her face!
I see it: round a girlish brow the ringlets droop adown,
And softly shine the large brown eyes which are so like your own.
She heeds us not, as in a dream, and very sweet, I ween,
Are twilight dreams to gentle hearts whose years are but fifteen.

The night has fallen suddenly. The moaning wind has died.
The grass is growing damp with dew. Now call her to your side.
She comes with flying feet; she sits between us on the stone.
She leans her head upon your breast. Ah me! what have I done?
Your tears are flowing fast, mother, and faster let them flow;
They cannot dim the glossy curls *that mouldered long ago!*
The form of girlish grace is fled, in fancy only seen,
And all that was so beautiful is but—what might have been!

There is a lonely place of graves upon a distant hill,
(The wind may lift the heavy grass, but all beside is still)
And there, one sultry summer's day, just fourteen years agone,
You laid an infant from your breast, and left her all alone.
Years rolled away; the household group closed round the vacant place—
Forgot the music of her laugh, forgot her lovely face.
To-night I sad atonement pay for musing here alone.
It seemed that life had nothing left to match the sweetness gone.

"It is her birthday eve," I said, and told the years fifteen,
When suddenly I seemed to see all that she would have been.
Our youngest, fairest, dearest still, but not an infant now;
The charm of dawning womanhood was on her lifted brow.
So vividly the vision bloomed, I could not look alone.
Forgive me, mother, for your tears; they mingle with my own.
Alas! the beauty and the love were but in fancy seen.
Alas! that all the best of life should be *what might have been!*

June 13. MARGARET WYND.

LAST HOURS OF HORACE MANN.

[Extract from a Student's letter.]

THE second day of August, 1859, was the last day for Horace Mann.

It was morning—a beautiful morning outside—one of the fairest of the summer. The sun was shining brightly. The air was pure and bracing. There lay the object of all anxiety, on a broad bed near the centre of a large room. It was a south-west corner room, in the second story of his lately chosen Ohio home. From the bed where he lay he could look through the windows south and west, and see, at a glance, the College and the far away forest. Opening his eyes a moment he said, "What a beautiful morning! and how gracefully the trees are bending yonder!" Alas! they will never bend for him again! The shutters were soon partially closed, to prevent the entrance of excessive light. There he lies, tranquil as the day—his past life pure as the morning air—his future bright as the glancing sun-beams!

The doctors despondingly whispered to those gathered anxiously around him, "The fears we entertained last night are confirmed this morning. We have done all we could do. He can live but a few hours longer."

Pale lips quivered and tears fell in response to those despairing whispers. A sob and a sigh mingled with the inquiry whether no other remedy, and no hope of recovery, remained. "None," was the response, "none." And how painfully emphatic the word then sounded, "none!" No remedy! No hope! Death is here even now; and his icy touches will soon still the feeble pulse of him who lies so quietly before us.

"How am I, Doctor? Do you think I shall recover soon? Are the symptoms favorable?" "We thought last night," replied the Doctor, "that the disease *might*, perhaps, take a favorable turn; and indeed we have all the time thought your recovery possible; but—" Mr. Mann's eye carefully watched the face of the Doctor while making the foregoing answer, and when he hesitated he sternly said, "But *what?* Don't hesitate. Go on, Doctor; say what you were going to." "I will leave Mrs. Mann to say the rest." "No, Doctor, say it yourself. If I am going to die, I would like to know it. I have a great many things to say, and it will take some time to say them." He was then told that he could live but a few hours more, and whatever he had to say must be said speedily. All then left the room but his wife and two younger sons, the older one being absent, with whom he conversed for nearly an hour. He was perfectly calm, perfectly free from all excitement. He scarcely even alluded to his own suffering; betrayed no symptoms of fear—no misgivings for the future, nor any solicitation for the happiness of that future. He spoke not of himself—thought not of himself. His care was for others—his anxiety was for others. He spoke confidingly, but firmly; and with that same sweet voice, clear accent and melodious cadence with which he so often charmed and thrilled the scholar and the multitude. After having given his parting to his family and three or four of his more immediate friends and attendants, he sent for all the students who were remaining in town. He spoke with each one from three to five or six minutes. With some few his interviews were private, but to most of them he spoke so as to be heard by several others. He gave to each one of them such advice as seemed appropriate. One pale, slender student was advised to be more careful of his health—to bathe, to exercise, and to go more in lively company.

Another one, who was wearing himself away by too constant application, was advised to study with less intensity, and take more recreation. Another one, who was prone to lose some time loitering, was admonished that "as time is one of the most precious gifts bestowed upon mankind, it should always be industriously used, but never wasted." Another was cautioned against "allowing his appetites and passions to control him." To one he said, "Hold your head closer. Let me see, once more before I die, that mammoth brain—that brain *full* of electricity and fire! Oh! if I had possessed a head like that, I could have accomplished a far greater amount of good for the human race! That brain is capable of doing an immense amount of good, or an immense amount of evil. Consecrate it! Consecrate it!" To one poor student who had been working his way through college, and had borrowed some money from him, he said, "Mrs. Mann will return your note to you. You need never pay it." To another one he said, "I have no special advice to give you. You know it already. You *know* what is right, and have determined to *do* it. You have made a glorious beginning. Your future success is almost certain. A good, solid, honest, industrious, heroic young man. '*Perge atque cœpisti.*' '*Perge atque cœpisti!*' 'PERGE ATQUE CŒPISTI!'" This was quoted each time with greater emphasis. Afterwards he gave the translation three times, and each time with additional force. "Go on as you have begun. *Go on as you have begun!* CONTINUE JUST AS YOU HAVE BEGUN! Now give me a *good stout shake of the hand*—your *strong* hand! Good bye; *good bye!*" A student whom he had not seen for more than a year was recognized and spoken to as if he had been an every-day companion.

In this manner he spoke with thirty-five or forty persons—recalling some points in their past history, and pointing out to each one the proper line of conduct for the future—praising, where praise was due, and warning, where warning was necessary. He made many remarks that can never be forgotten by those who heard them. I shall always remember the following: "Our object should always be Truth, Duty, God, Man!" "Great talents, without moral worth, are oftentimes a scourge, a pestilence, a plague to the race!" "Honesty is *cheaper* than dishonesty, even if we view it only as a matter of economy." "Follow Christ. He was a shining example." "Love and charity can accomplish more than power." He closed his remarks to each one by a mild and gentle "good bye," and a vigorous grasp of the hand. The hand was cold and the nerve unsteady; but the grasp was firm and vigorous even to the last. His words were nicely chosen, glowing, earnest and fervent, and spoken with much emphasis. Several times his wordings were accompanied by the up-lifted right hand and impressive gestures. Several times he half rose from his bed to embrace his friend and render his words more emphatic. A hymn was sung, after which Mr. Mann said, "Now, let some one make a short prayer, a cheerful, grateful prayer." The prayer was made. It seemed to cheer and solace him. Oh, it is a sad, a joyous, a consoling, an impressive sight, to see a truly great man die! Sad, because the world is deprived of his worth; joyous, because he meets grim Death so bravely; consoling to hear such eulogies upon the good and the true; and solemn to hear such noble advice coming from the verge of the tomb.

By this time it was near twelve o'clock. He was exhausted. But knowing that other friends were waiting, and some (his elder son among them) were expected on the afternoon train, he said: "Now let me rest a little while. Perhaps I may gather more strength, and see them all by-and-by." Soon after this, one who had formerly been a professor with him in the college arrived at the door, and asked of Mrs. Mann permission to speak with him. Mr. Mann replied, "Not now, I will rest a while, and then he may come and see me." For nearly five hours after this he remained speechless. His countenance was tranquil, though pale as the moonbeam. Perhaps recollection was culling choice flowers from the garden of the past. And we think so, because bright shadows passed over his face, and joy seemed to lighten his brow. A sweet smile played upon his lip. And when his eyes opened, there was that mild, angelic glow of conscious innocence in them, which recalls to mind our own ideals of the chosen just.

But the last sun, for him, was declining in the west. The last hours were wearing away. The last sands were dropping from the dial. The dark flood was near at hand, and the ferryman was coming. His snowy sails are gleaming on the misty waves, and he will soon bear a bright spirit beyond the glowing billow. The sleeper turns quietly over; his lips move; that same sweet voice is heard faintly, and for the last time; and these are the words it speaks: "Now, I will bid you all good night." Soon the shades of the dark flood passed over his brow; the last breath was drawn; and that great heart forever ceased its beating.

*HISTORY OF FRANCE.**

WE have often had occasion to remark that one of the rarest powers in a writer is the power of condensation—of massing great influences, great ideas and great results within the compass of a few sentences with such skill that to an uninitiated reader those sentences shall present an intelligible picture, and to a scholar shall in a moment recall the fruits of a long and sedulous reading. This power is possessed in an eminent degree by Mr. White, whose "History of France," in a single volume of some 600 pages, contains every leading incident worth the telling, and abounds in word-painting whereof a paragraph has often as much active life in it as one of those inch-square etchings of the great Callot, in which may be clearly seen whole armies contending in bloody arbitrament and as many incidents of battle as may be gazed at in the miles of canvas in the military picture galleries at Versailles.

It is not always an easy task to render in an interesting style even the interesting incidents of history. Many writers have failed in this apparently facile achievement. Still less easy is it to give life to the dead seasons, so to speak, of history. Mr. White re-creates the old world; old passions, old glories, old sorrows, old crimes and old heroes start into life so admirably grouped that they remain upon the memory.

Especially skilful is Mr. White in the depicting of the great Revolutions of France and their consequences. Take, as an example, the change of so-called Gaulish freedom for the despotism of a Roman chief:

"When a wandering population, combined only for the purposes of plunder and destruction, forces its way into the peaceful domains of a people in a more advanced stage of civilization, the historian is justified in being as eloquent as he can in denunciation of the invasion. But when, as in the case of Cæsar, the conquest achieved by the sword was accompanied by the arts of life and all the advantages of settled government and intelligible laws, we have too much sense to lament the fate of a crowd of miserable tribes, whose defeats bring them such benefits, and whose submission to the mightier power removes their contests from the slaughter of their battle-fields, and the treacherous murders of their feasts, to the imperial decision of a Roman Emperor—bad and cruel, it is possible, in his individual capacity, but following certain laws in his formal judgments, and guided by the precedents and principles of four hundred years of liberty and power. Æduans, Nervians, Allobroges and Veromandians were compelled to accept the securities of citizenship—not the loss of liberty—at the point of the sword; and before many years elapsed, the inhabitants of the whole of Gaul looked back without regret to the stormy period of their savage independence, and almost forgot the sound of their original Gaelic in their devotion to the language of Cicero and Virgil. Many Gallican towns had colleges of their own, which rivalled the schools of Athens and Alexandria. Patricians sent their sons to finish their education in Marseilles; and gradually the tide of eloquence and learning went on till the grandsons of harsh-named warriors who had worn the plaid and trunk-hose, the long hair and wooden shoes of their country, were dressed in the Roman toga, and wore the robes of senator or prætor. It became a point of honor to follow Roman customs, and even take Roman names. One gentleman, of the uneuphonious name of Vercundaridub, whose fathers had evidently been drummers to the tribe, changed it into the easier sounded Caius Julius, and became a priest in the Temple of Augustus."

The last touch in the above picture will remind many readers of a similar faction in England, when the original old English country gentleman, or Ancient Briton, warm in his skins and still addicted to blue paint, looked with supreme disgust on the younger squires who adopted the Roman fashions and went out to dine with their conquerors.

If Mr. White has well narrated how Rome rooted herself in Gaul, still better, perhaps, has he told in a few sentences the story of the revolution which gave to Gaul permanent masters in the persons of Clovis and his Franks, in place of the Roman Emperor and his Vice-regents:

"Bursting from the plains and forests of Germany in the year 481, the Franks, repulsed in former trials by the legions of Rome, dashed across the Rhine without opposition, and took possession of the land. There was no fighting or parleying, or flights or treaties. The used-up population, the effeminate noble, the enfeebled serf, and the trembling townsman and scattered laborer, could neither fight nor fly. Hope had died out among them; for Rome, to which they used to turn in all their distresses, was now the author of all their woes. Tyrannical Emperors had squeezed the last farthing of their coin, the last bushel of their meal, in the name of tax. What worse could the wild soldier of Chlodoveg, with his sharp sword and hungry followers, be than the Curial, or tax-gatherer, who sold them into slavery if they were deficient in the payment, and the nobles who flogged them if they failed in their servile work? So, welcome a fresh invader! A change of sorrows will be almost a relief. But Chlodoveg had other claims to their submission. In the year 453, at the great battle of Chalons, where the devastating Huns under Attila were defeated, and scattered by a combination of all the tribes and languages which were still in the service of Rome, the Franks under their leader Meroveg, and the Goths under their own chief, had been of essential service. Often repulsed by the authorities of Gaul when they had tried to seize the country, and driven over the Rhine, they were now received as deliverers; and Franks and Goths contended for the gratitude and favor of the rescued population. But the Goths, who had learned some lessons of government by their intercourse with the polished rulers of Constantinople, had imbibed also some of the false doctrine at that time prevalent in the Eastern Church. They were Arians in faith, and the clergy of Gaul were uneasy at their obligation to such heretical intruders. To Chlodoveg, therefore, the grandson of the warrior Meroveg, they turned, because, as he was still an unconverted heathen, he would be less hostile than their rival sect."

The Merovingian line, or line of Clovis, died out in about two centuries and a half, and at the completion of that period the Church had become powerful enough to clothe with legal authority the man who possessed regal power and exercised it for the benefit of the Church. For hereditary right that church on such occasions had small respect; and when Islamism threatened to establish itself in France, Pope Zacharius wisely, grateful to the modest but hardfisted Charles Martel and to his active and far-seeing son, Pepin, crowned the latter King of the Franks:

"And thus consecrated the second or Carlovingian race. But King Pepin was not to be outdone in generosity by a priest, and proclaimed the successors of St. Peter sovereign pontiffs and lords of the city and territories of Rome. By this arrangement, two shadowy impostures were abolished, and two strong realities substituted in their stead. The Western Church was freed from its nominal vassalage and subserviency to the Eastern Cæsar; and the true King of the Franks, the man who 'could rule and dared not lie,' delivered from the apparent superiority of a phantom chief, from whom all life had long passed away."

The triumphs, reverses, virtues and errors of the Carlovingian race are rapidly and clearly narrated. If we take exception to any statement put forward by Mr. White, it is to that in which he says Charles the Simple was "properly so-called." That much-abused Carlovingian King was remarkable for simplicity, but not for imbecility, and was altogether a better king than many who bore a pleasanter surname. Towards the end of the tenth century anarchy again plunges France in ruin. Out of it arose that stern feudal hero, Hugh Capet, Duke of France and Burgundy, who "was summoned to the throne, not so much by the voice of his country as by the necessity of his time," and was declared by the decree of the Roman Pontiff to be "King of France in virtue of his great deeds."

When in 1328 the Valois heir succeeded his kinsman, the last in a direct line of the Capets, France suffered as much as if Philip the Sixth had reached the throne at the end of an insurrection. The ill-founded claim of our English Edward was the cause of this, and it was the basis of the national antipathies which long reigned in the breasts of the two people. For above two centuries and a half the French had but an uneasy time of it under their Valois kings; and at the end of it would have found fiercer masters still had Spain, or Greece, or Mayence gained their prize, in place of the rightful heir, Henri of Bourbon. Again Rome, and for the last time, gave a King to France, for the Bourbon, with all his victories, could not lay his hands securely on the crown till he had exchanged his Protestantism for the Romish faith. "*Paris vaut bien une messe*" is said to have been his own comment on the difficulty which presented itself. But Mr. White makes too much of a virtuous gentleman out of his hero, and insists that Henri's declaration of faith at St. Denis must be accepted "as the sincere expression of his heart and mind"; against which we protest as heartily as Mr. White insists. What was the uncleanliness of Louis the Fifteenth but a development of the loose morality of the first Bourbon King of France?

At the death of the Louis we have named the nation began to prepare for that Revolution the course of which has often been arrested and checked, but has not yet been concluded. Here is a good sample of how Mr. White ably exhibits his chief personages in the drama then commencing:

"All the performers in the great drama, of which we are not yet come to the final act, were now upon the scene. There were Louis the Sixteenth, aged twenty years, gentle and kind; Louis the Eighteenth, aged nineteen, clearer in intellect and more marked in character; and Charles the Tenth, aged seventeen, stubborn and proud. These were the three grandsons of Louis the Fifteenth, and all attained the throne. But there was another personage at that time alive who also the likeness of a kingly crown had on: it was a little child of seven months old, a grandson of the false and dissolute Regent, who, after a long period of struggle and obscurity, emerges at the end of his career as Louis Philippe. Four Bourbons and a Bonaparte were all preparing for their parts in the year 1774—three princes, a boy playing the hoop in the streets of Ajaccio, and a baby in arms."

To these have succeeded the nephew of the lad of Ajaccio (for the hoop he holds a crown), and the grandson of the stubborn and proud Charles, watching France, hopelessly, from his cottage at Frohsdorf; and the grandson of Louis Philippe "waiting" for a summons which cometh not, to be king, prince, or president. If any one of these could only bear well in mind what worked the ruin of the sovereigns to whose throne he aspires, France would do well to recognize in him her guardian or her master. War, immorality, privileges of class, and oppression of the people, one or the other overturns the "do-nothing kings," as it did the Capets, the Valois, the Bourbons, the Republic, and the first Empire. May the French Revolution, now nearly three-quarters of a century old, terminate by a grand transformation scene, wherein freedom may be safely offered to a people deserving to be freed, and able to enjoy and appreciate her liberty! Meanwhile, we close our notice of Mr. White's book with an anecdote, the truth of which he guarantees, and the insertion of which in his volume is in reference to the day and the dead at Waterloo:

"It was a Sunday; and while all the church bells in England were calling the people to prayer, the cannonade commenced. Everybody was in expectation of a battle. It was known in England that Napoleon had crossed into the Netherlands, and that Wellington was ready to meet him. News was slow of coming, and people's hearts were sick with expectation of the next mail. It chanced that, between the services on that eventful Sunday, a clergyman in Kent was walking in his garden. His gardener was an old soldier who had fought in Spain. He said, 'There's a fight going on, sir, somewhere; for I remember when we were in the Peninsula we always knew when a cannonade was taking place, wherever it might be, by a crumbling of fresh mould.' He took a spade and dug down a single foot, and along the smooth surface left by the steel an imperceptible trembling shook down little pellets of the soil. 'That's it, sir,' said the gardener; 'they're at it, sure enough.' Before the next Sunday came round, the news had spread 'from end to end of all the sea-girt isle'; joy-cannon had sounded from all the castles in the land; and it was known that the greatest victory of modern times had crowned the British arms."

We have said and quoted enough, we hope, to show that Mr. White has no ordinary powers in the department of literature which he here illustrates.—*London Athenæum.*

* *History of France, from the Earliest Times to* 1848. By the Rev. James White. (Blackwood & Son.)

ON A PRAYER-BOOK,

With its frontispiece, Ary Scheffer's "Christus Consolator," Americanized by the omission of the black man.

OH! Ary Scheffer! when beneath thine eye,
Touched with the light that cometh from above,
Grew the sweet picture of the dear Lord's love,
No dream hadst thou that Christian hands would tear
Therefrom the token of His equal care,
And make thy symbol of his truth a lie!
The poor, dumb slave, whose shackles fall away
In His compassionate gaze, grubbed smoothly out,
To mar no more the exercise devout
Of sleek oppression kneeling down to pray
Where the great oriel stains the Sabbath-day!
Let whoso can before such praying-books
Kneel on his velvet cushions, I, for one,
Would sooner bow, a Parsee, to the sun,
Or tend a prayer-wheel in Thibetan brooks,
Or beat a drum on Yedo's temple floor.
No falser idol man has bowed before
In Indian groves or islands of the sea,
Than that which, through the quaint carved, Gothic door,
Looks forth, a Church without humanity!
Patron of pride and prejudice and wrong,
The rich man's charm and fetish of the strong,
The Eternal Fullness meted, clipped, and shorn,
The seamless robe of equal mercy torn,
The dear Christ hidden from His kindred flesh
And, in His poor ones, crucified afresh!
Better the simple Lama scattering wide,
Where sweeps the storm Alechan's steppes along,
His paper horses for the lost to ride,
And wearying Buddha with his prayers to make
The figures living for the traveller's sake,
Than he who hopes with cheap praise to beguile
The ear of God, dishonoring man the while;
Who dreams the pearl gate's hinges, rusty grown,
Are moved by flattery's oil of tongue alone;
That in the scale Eternal Justice bears
The generous deed weighs less than selfish prayers,
And words intoned with graceful unction move
The Eternal Goodness more than lives of truth and love.

Alas, the Church! The reverend head of Jay,
Enhaloed with its saintly silvered hair,
Adorns no more the places of her prayer;
And brave young Tyng, too early called away,
Troubles the Haman of her courts no more
Like the just Hebrew at th' Assyrian's door;
And her sweet ritual, beautiful but dead
As the dry husk from which the grain is shed,
And holy hymns from which the life devout
Of saints and martyrs has well-nigh gone out
Like candles dying in exhausted air,
For Sabbath use in measured grists are ground;
And, ever while the spiritual mill goes round,
Between the upper and the nether stones,
Unseen, unheard, the wretched bondman groans,
And urges his vain plea, prayer-smothered, anthem-drowned!

Oh, heart of mine, keep patience! Looking forth
As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,
Pure, just and free, the Church of Christ on earth—
The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold!
And, found, at last, the mystic Graal I see
Brimmed with His blessing pass from lip to lip
In sacred pledge of human fellowship;
And, over all, the songs of angels hear,
Songs of the love that casteth out all fear,
Songs of the Gospel of Humanity!
Lo! in the midst, with the same look he wore
Healing and blessing on Genesaret's shore,
Folding together, with the all-tender might
Of His great love, the dark hands and the white,
Stands the Consoler, soothing every pain,
Making all burdens light and breaking every chain!

—*The Independent.* J. G. W.

DIVERSITIES OF JUDGMENT.

'TIS with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share,
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not critics to their judgment, too?—*Pope.*

ABIGAIL MOSES SEEKING SYMPATHY.

How Abigail Moses learned what her "innard natur" required, and that Hiram Moses, her husband, was a booby.

I RAILY haint a minute of time, dear neighbor, Mrs. Baldwin, to devote to nobody, but I do reckon I'd better just let you know somethin' about this here society of Associationers I'm contemplatin' joinin'. Afore I begin I'd like to menshun that if you'd just step in and see to husband's stockins, I'd take it agreeable. I hadn't no time to mend 'em, for Professor K—h had such a heap to tell me about the innard development, and of his spiritual coalition with my spiritual witals, that I sat a good bit longer than I meant to with him; and somehow or other he katched a hold of my hand an' said he didn't know when he'd been so moustrously drawed to anybody afore. He hadn't nothin' to say agin my husband; he might be a very clever person; but yet he felt convinced my natur was sich an elevated one, he raily believed my wants hadn't never been met.

I told him sure enough they hadn't, but I reckoned the reason was, we were too poor to go to further expense in buyin' things. But I did confess, if there was a want I had, it was fur a new parlor carpet, ourn was a gettin so shabby. The Professor gin me an awful nudge then, and said I must excuse him, if he didn't feel disposed for jokin' that mornin'; he was a sufferin' most treminjous innard tortures, 'cause he'd been misunderstood the day before by a person who wasn't great enough to comprehend him. Of course I let on I understood him, and pretended I'd been jokin'; but arterwards, when I went to the meetin', I found out all about what it meant; and I'm real miserable, neighbor Baldwin, to think I've been a livin' these sixteen years with Hiram Moses an' he's never yet comprehended what my natur' required.

I know my hull bein' ain't called into play; there's only one set of faculties agoin, an' I might as well be a livin' mummy as to be mated with such a noodle. Brother B—e ses he's convinced me and him has sich a sympathy fur one another that we must have played together when we was children in some other state of existence, an' though I don't remember ever bein' in that state, yet I s'pose it's all just so. Brother B—e is a very spiritual soul, an' is jest as developed as he can be. Me and him has such good times together, and sich beautiful attractions to one another, that we don't think no more of kissin' than if we was females. He said I needn't tell Hiram, though, fur it wasn't likely he'd understand how our spirits met, an' he was one of those common-place bein's who might go and kick up a rumpus, about me a kissin' another woman's husband.

I do declare its too bad to be forced into sich a position as I am with Hiram; but Dr. C—e ses that's just the way with him and his wife; she hain't no understandin' of the ideal beauty of such friendships, and don't begin to fill up the measure of his soul's yearnin' after perfection. Poor fellow! he's so often cast back upon himself that it is enough to crush his too sensitive natur. The meetins on Thursday nights is all the comfort I have. There's been Professor K—h, S—m G—t, an' Dr. E—y, an' Mr. H—s, that's all situated just in the same uncomfortable way in their domestic relations, besides several females that's studyin' medicine and 'natomy so hard that they partake quite of the natur' of skeletons. Their souls is developed at the expense of their poor frail, perishable bodies.

E—— B—m don't think no more of dissectin' dead bodies than she would of cuttin 'up a roast chicken. I don't know as I'd trust her to treat my neuralogy, but Hiram might just as well employ the poor thing for his rheumatiz as not. She looks as though she might handle a right gripin' case pretty severe. And the best of all is the principles we purfess. There we sit the hull evenin' and jest discourse about the poor oppressed creatures that have to get their livin' at shovelin' snow, an' handlin' wood, an' so on. It would raily do your marrow bones good to see the benevolence and charity that prevails; an' how they remarks, they don't want nobody to do nothin' that don't agree with 'em—an' I'm sure mendin' stockins don't agree with me.

An' they tell sich lovely anecdotes about the people who go an' get everything done as cheap as they can, so as to cheat folks, an' grind down the poor. And then besides all this active goodness an' a strugglin' to redeem their their feller beins, they have a festival about onst a year, so as to hear the remarks of them as come from the furrin' cities—such as Boston and Philadelphia—about the wickedness of people in not payin' their workmen; an' Brother C—— often draws tears from the female members regardin' the tramplin' down of their blessed privileges. He's lovely, an' their ain't one of us females, ugly or otherwise, but what he's willin' to embrace in gospel love.

I do hope, neighbor Baldwin, that I'm as virtuous a person as there is in the world; but I must say I can't see one bit of harm in relievin' my full sympathies in the buzzoms of them as are my spiritual partners—cause, wat's the body anyhow? 'Taint no more than a wet blanket throw'd over the spirrit—a squenchin' the yarnin' after that soul communion that every well developed person feels. Mr. B—— says I'm a "great soul," an' that sich sentiments has inaugurated me more tangibly into his best feelins than any paltry taken' on of what the false and holler world calls "modesty."

I'm come to the end of my sheet, an' here's Hiram jest come in; Hugh! My soul revolts from him. But I'm doomed to misery. Pity my unfortunate organization that requires sich different associations.

Yours, ABIGAIL MOSES.

P. S. I send you some verses which I've bin a ritin to try to settle the commotions that's continually raging in my breast when I think of my contrary attractions.

VERSES BY ABIGAIL MOSES.

I ain't a-doin' nothin' else,
But walkin' paths that's thorny;
For him as meets my werry soul
Is gone to Callifory;
And now I'm left to bear the brunt
Of life with Hiram Moses,
Who's just as different from me
As poppies is from roses.

He eats and drinks, and works and sleeps,
An' ain't a bad provider;
But nectar's all the same to him
As so much beer and cider.
I hate this way of doin' life,
In sums of vulgar fractions;
My spirit yearns for sympathy,
And passional attractions.

My spiral natur's innard self
Has gone and been divided:
Of course I can't be nothin' else
But innardly lop-sided;
I keep a graspin' arter things,
That's neither here nor yonder,
Just like a goose that's yoked for life
To him that ain't her gander,

I know we meet in spirit yet,
But somehow human natur',
Let's try to squench it all we can,
Develops soon or later;
And if it's true "all flesh is grass,"
Its time old Hiram Moses
Was greenin in the pickle now
For that Metempsychosis.

He haint got no ideal life,
An' "pivoted revolvin'"
He don't begin to comprehend,
Or even think of solvin':
I sometimes wish my views of things
Was all confined to wittals,
To making bread and punkin pies
And scourin' pots and kittles.

And then I shouldn't feel so bad,
Because I aint rewealin'
To some one else's tother half
My undeveloped feelin';
I wonder when the time'll come
That in Association,
A studyin' of the beautiful,
I'll follow my vocation.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

BOARDING HOUSE.—Respectable persons can be accomodated with genteel boarding, transient or permanent, by applying to the subscriber, No. 832 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia. WILLIAM STILL.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber informs the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, No. 156 Race street, below Fifth, where he intends to keep an assortment of new and second-hand Carriages for sale or exchange, or to hire. Carriages made to order on moderate terms. Carriages sold on commission. Carriages neatly repaired. GEO. DODD, Philadelphia.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water Ices Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks; Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron fame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer,
130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent [illegible]-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vaul and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks, Hobbs included.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street, (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Stationery; Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices, English, French and American Cap, Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, very superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Sand Boxes, Wafer Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing Pencils and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Tissue Paper. Visiting and Wedding Cards, Pocket Books, Portfolios, Bankers' Cases, Diaries, &c., Envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per 1000, *Mercantile Firms, Insurance Co., Banks*, &c., furnished with Blank Books, to order of the best materials and workmanship.
CLOTHIER & PEDRICK,
72 N. Fourth street, below Arch street.